

The Listener

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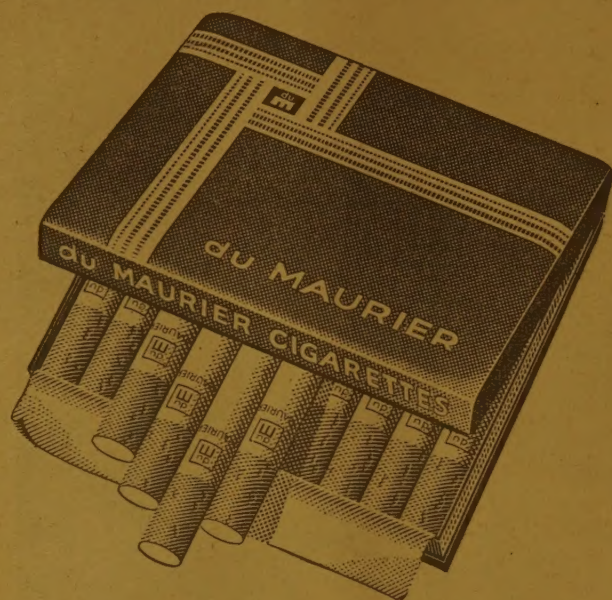
The town centre and pedestrian precinct of the new town of Stevenage, Hertfordshire (see page 672)

General George Marshall
By Alistair Cooke

On the Beaches of Kiev
By George Steiner

The Sorcerers
By Magnus Pyke

What is Christianity?
By B. M. G. Reardon



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The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1595

Thursday October 22 1959

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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General George Marshall

An appreciation by ALISTAIR COOKE

IT has been the habit, if not the aim, of these 'Letters from America' to honour, as W. H. Auden put it, the vertical men, the twentieth-century Americans in all their baffling variety who are up and doing. But from time to time the calendar reminds us of a great one dead and gone who gave something peculiar and characteristic to this country and who is often obediently honoured in the tomb by people who would have feared or hated him in the flesh.

Last Monday* we observed the date kept aside as Columbus Day, which celebrates the discovery of this country by a man who neither discovered it nor ever saw it. Last Friday we paid the tribute of a nod in the direction of Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, where, 100 years ago, John Brown, a near-lunatic with a gleaming eye and a single purpose, started on his wild and brief campaign to set up a free state in the Appalachians as a sanctuary for escaped Negro slaves. John Brown's body, like that of Columbus also, lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul, as the Supreme Court insists on reminding us, goes marching on.

I was pondering the story of these two men when, yesterday morning, the word came in that a man had died whom most Americans would never have recognized on the streets and about whom they know no pungent or delightful stories: a man who winced at the very word 'newspapermen', who shunned all self-glory, who in the last three years used to drive down town from his small bungalow in Pinehurst, North Carolina, buy the groceries in the supermarket, tote them to his car, and drive home to the accompaniment of no salutes other than a nod, a greeting from a child, a bit of gossip with the newsagent, the traffic cop, the gas station mechanic. Yet on this shining day, wherever the American flag flies, it flies at half-mast for him.

He was in some ways a most un-American figure, especially by virtue of a character that doomed him to self-effacement. So that most Americans, though willing to credit the reports of his greatness, must be uncomfortably aware that it is something they will have to take on trust, for General Marshall, of all the great figures of our time, was the least colourful, the least impressive in a casual meeting, and the least rewarding to the collector of anecdotes. He was a man whose strength and knowledge and almost secret humour only slowly dripped through all the bright surfaces of life, as a stalactite stands stiff and granity for centuries, before one sees below it a pool of still water of marvellous purity. He was always uncomfortable that the great plan to repair the fabric of European life after the war took his name. He took not very much credit for it.

Imagine a bony, well-knit man, stiff-necked you might say, certainly in the physical sense, and therefore one who leads you to believe that his character too might be forbidding, a man with sandy hair and mild blue eyes and a homely, underslung mouth from which issued unspectacular remarks in a hoarse, almost a guttural, voice: a soldier so easily self-disciplined that he showed none of that rather splendid dogmatism which in some soldiers is a warning reminder that they have in their time had the authority to put down better men than you: a student of war from the books and the maps and the arms contract and the commissary records, and from a personal knowledge of the battlefields only when the smoke was gone and the bones of the dead long overgrown with spring blossom. In his private imagination, perhaps another Robert E. Lee who dreamed his dreams of courage in the cannon's mouth, but who for almost fifty years was fated by his superiors, and in the supreme crisis of his career by his own conscience, to return as always to the drawing board, to revise the training course of a tank corps, to

compute the comparative tactical efficiency of the 550-millimetre machine gun in close combat and in desert reconnaissance; to gauge the competing needs for anti-aircraft of the outskirts of Chungking or the docks and ports of Iceland.

A soldier who is now an instructor at West Point and who worked for over two years as one of Marshall's deputies on the planning staff tells me that in all the history of warfare, about which we possess substantial records, Marshall never had his equal as a master of supply: the first master, as this colonel puts it, of global warfare. I suppose we must nod wisely and defer to this expert judgment which was, by the way, enthusiastically seconded by the three or four top British generals of the second world war. But we have to admit that unifying the command of an army outpost or totting up the landing barges that could be spared from Malaya to outfit the Normandy landings—these feats are hardly so flashing as Rommel's long dash through the desert nights or MacArthur's vigil on Bataan, or even the single syllable by which General McAuliffe earned his immortality—'Nuts!'

A layman is hardly going to break out a flag for a man who looks like a conscientious golf-club secretary, refused an aide-de-camp or a chauffeur, and worked out of an office with a shiny desk and six telephones. Even though 1984 comes closer every day, this is not yet an acceptable recipe for a hero. No doubt when Hollywood comes to embalm him on celluloid he will grow a British baritone, which is practically a compulsory grafting process for all American historical characters in the movies; he will stand erect even when he is pruning a tree; he will open letters with a toy replica of the Sword of Stonewall Jackson who was, to be truthful, a lifetime's idol.

A Soldier's Soldier

But in his manner of living no such pretty baubles brightened the grey picture of a man devoted to the daily study of warfare on several continents, with the undramatic devotion of a certified public accountant. In a word, he was a soldier's soldier. Nor, I fear, is there any point in looking for some deep and flagrant secret to explain his reputation for kindness, brilliance, and chivalry. There is, however, one voice that has been silent. No syllable of praise or criticism has come from a soldier who can coin resounding epitaphs if he so chooses: General MacArthur has said nothing, and I dare to probe into his silence only because it reflects a conflict of character and temperament that was conducted on both sides with shattering dignity and that reveals, I think, the core of Marshall's greatest quality.

It will by now be no surprise to you to learn that it is a most undramatic quality: the gift of making the sensible decision at a fateful time when it is a decision that elevates another man and removes you from the spotlight. We have to go back to February 1956 for the last public word about Marshall, spoken by General MacArthur, but it is a significant one. 'General Marshall's enmity towards me', wrote MacArthur, 'was an old one'. Discounting the word enmity, let us say that the conflict went back to the first world war when Marshall, a colonel on the Operations Planning Section of the American Expeditionary Force, was planning the capture of Sedan, the historic town through which three German armies in modern times have broken through and devastated the land of France. Marshall's plans did not take in the impetuous, brave ambition of a young brigadier-general to summon his own division and capture Sedan at a bound. The brigadier-general, need I say, was Douglas MacArthur. He leaped through a loophole in the Marshall plan and took Sedan in his dashing stride. From then on he vaulted ahead of Marshall in everything but prudence. He became Chief of Staff in 1930 and you have to scan the army lists from then on with a binocular to see what has happened to Colonel Marshall, who had had enough for a lifetime of lowly office; for although he emerged from Virginia Military Institute at the top of his class, he soon went off to remote and obscure service, and it took him eighteen years to become a captain.

However, after the first war his personal service with General Pershing would have assured a flashier or a more enterprising type some quick preferment, but now it was downhill again for another fifteen years. In 1933, while MacArthur was Chief

of Staff, Marshall was appointed Senior Instructor to the Illinois National Guard, an appointment that might have thrilled a scoutmaster, but for an able and professional soldier fifty-two years of age it was the pit of his career. Once MacArthur retired in 1935, Marshall had his feet on the ladder again, and two days before the Germans swept into Poland he was made Chief of Staff.

Back to Commanding Obscurity

I mentioned earlier that in the supreme crisis of his career his own conscience sent him back to the commanding obscurity that was his perpetual habitat. Nobody has told of this incident better than the late Henry Stimson. In a letter to President Roosevelt Mr. Stimson wrote in August 1943: 'I believe the time has come when we must put our most commanding soldier in charge of this critical operation [the invasion of Europe]. You are far more fortunate than Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Wilson in the ease with which the selection can be made. General Marshall already has a towering eminence of reputation as a tried soldier and as a broad-minded and skilful administrator'.

The British had in fact suggested him; Churchill assumed that he was picked; and Stalin had vouchsafed a wily nod of approval. But it did not happen. Came a day when President Roosevelt and General Marshall lunched alone. Now all his life Marshall had yearned for a combat command, and the most awesome command in history was his for the asking. President Roosevelt asked him to say whether he preferred to stay in Washington as Chief of Staff or to take the Supreme Command. Marshall, says Stimson in notes made from Roosevelt's report of the lunch, stubbornly refused, saying it was for the President to decide. Marshall had mentioned that if he went to Europe there was no other man to replace him in Washington but one David Dwight Eisenhower. The President decided that Eisenhower had not the grasp of war in Europe and the Pacific that could match Marshall's. So he picked Eisenhower, and General Marshall congratulated him, and Roosevelt said 'I couldn't sleep nights, George, if you were out of Washington'. Roosevelt is the only known man who ever called General Marshall 'George'.

When the dust and the glory came blowing up over the battlefields, Marshall was the father confessor and god to Eisenhower. To MacArthur he was still a distant office figure, but it was Marshall who urged on Congress the award to MacArthur of the Medal of Honour. Twelve years later, when General Eisenhower was campaigning in Wisconsin for the presidency, he deleted, at the personal urging of the late Senator McCarthy, a passage in praise of Marshall from a speech that Eisenhower was going to give. Not a word ever passed the lips of Marshall about this sad episode, and when McCarthy called him a traitor for the failure of his mission in China, all Marshall said to a personal friend was: 'The hardest thing I ever did was to keep my temper at that time'.

The General and the Million Dollars

There is a final story which I have from the only other man present of three, and which I think will serve as a proper epitaph. Five or six years ago a distinguished magazine publisher went down to the General's summer home in Virginia, on what he said was a serious personal mission. He had come to ask the General to write and publish his memoir. The General absolutely refused on the grounds that his own true opinion of many war-time decisions might hurt the living men involved, not least the widow of President Roosevelt. The publisher pleaded with Marshall for three hours after lunch. 'We've had', he said, 'the testament of Eisenhower, Bradley, Churchill, Stimson, James Byrnes; Montgomery's coming up and Alanbrooke; and yet there is one yawning gap'. At last he said: 'General, I will tell you how essential we feel it to be that you fill this gap, whether with 200,000 words or only 20,000. I am prepared to offer you one million dollars after taxes for that manuscript'.

'But, sir', said General Marshall, 'you don't seem to understand. I am not interested in one million dollars'.

—Home Service

The Industrial Future of Nigeria

By PIUS OKIGBO

NEXT year Nigeria will become an independent nation within the Commonwealth. Many difficult political stages have been passed; there may be more to come, but no one doubts that she will also find herself with a number of tough and complex economic problems which are far less amenable to solution or compromise by the conference-table. The need for rapid and effective industrialization sums up many of these problems; so many of the politically emergent countries of Africa and Asia are in the same condition, that we receive the increasing attention of a growing number of specialists in the economics of under-development.

It is stimulating, encouraging, and—certainly to an economist—interesting. Unfortunately, any policy maker seeking advice from the learned journals soon finds that the prescriptions appear conflicting. Also, much of the international thinking is based upon countries much smaller, less diverse, and poorer than Nigeria, and therefore concerned above all with the production of goods for export.

Nigeria is immense: 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 people in close on 400,000 square miles, and her diversity is illustrated by her exports to the world market, products of the northern desert belt and those of the Savanna, the grass woodlands and the tropical forest belt in the south: groundnuts, cotton, hides and skins, timber, palm oil, cocoa, and others.

One result of both this size and the lateral

division into climatically different regions is a large domestic trade in food crops. Garri, yams, cassava, palm oil, and kola nuts are moved by road and rail from the south to the northern region;



Two of Nigeria's chief exports: above, cotton, newly picked; below, palm oil—the fruit being gathered from the tree

groundnuts, groundnut oil, onions, dried fish come down from north to south; and so do the long-horned cattle, driven by the Fulani herdsmen hundreds of miles across rivers and the tsetse belt to the abattoirs in the south. This internal pattern of trade and regional interdependence is, or ought to be, one of the strongest points of our economy. Moreover 10 per cent. of the population already live in towns of 20,000 and over, so that the victualling of the urban centres largely depends upon it. The main problem is simply to aid the flow; the processing of foodstuffs into more storable forms, for example, will relieve not only the storage but also the transport problem: at the moment much of our national output is lost simply through lack of transport facilities.

There is no dispute about

this need, but in fact in the last ten years nearly all the processing that has been done in Nigeria has been done for the export and not the internal markets. We have cotton ginneries in the north, and groundnut crushing mills—20 per cent. of all groundnuts exported have been in the form of oil or cake; almost all the rubber exported is processed locally into sheets or crepe; 25 per cent. of all exported palm oil has been expressed in Nigerian mills. A few starts have been made for processing for the home markets, but they are negligible in relation to our needs.

Within the past decade agriculture, both for export and for domestic consumption, accounted for over 60 per cent. of Nigeria's total output of goods and services, and we shall always be a primarily agricultural country. But I want to reflect for a while—disproportionately, the orthodox may think—on industry, because I think that the same policy dangers exist in this field.

I believe, that is, that we should also pay more attention to our internal markets when we consider the choice of activities in manufacturing. In the last ten years, industry has accounted for no more than 10 per cent. of the country's output, and if one takes out of this the minerals, handicrafts, and small cottage industries, one finds the contribution of manufacturing as such has been less than 1 per cent. But during the same period the federal and regional governments have come to place great emphasis on rapid industrialization; apart from various agencies of the metropolitan power such as the Colonial Development Corporation, we now have an extensive structure of marketing boards, development, finance and housing corporations, and several other means whereby the federal government can directly come to the aid of new industries. For example, under the Pioneer Industries Ordinance a company may be granted tax holidays for five years; under another ordinance the government may refund duties on raw materials used in industry; under customs regulations it may also refund duties paid on imported materials used in the production of exported goods. Finally, protective tariff walls can be raised.



It has not been a light matter to pass these measures, since the bulk of the government's revenue is derived from excise duties; moreover it is well known that it is difficult to withdraw protection once it has been given to pioneering establishments—the firms will seek by every means to cling to the infant status.

So you have, in the Nigerian industrial scene, a picture of anxious anticipation. We ought to learn from Professor Arthur Lewis's excellent monograph on Ghana. The prerequisite for a sound industrial programme is that there should be the capital, the raw materials, and the markets. All these were carefully considered by Professor Lewis and he specified those activities which seemed suitable and those that did not, under the conditions then existing in Ghana. When he applied the market test he was compelled to look outwards for export markets, for a great number of products. In Nigeria, however, there exists a drastic need for nearly every one of the commodities he listed, especially building materials—asbestos sheeting, pipes and tubes; sheet and window glass; wire nails; iron rods, pipes and fittings; chip boards. The building boom in Nigeria which accounted for the greater proportion of the gross investment of the country has opened up a high market indeed for the domestic production of goods such as these.

Our manufacturing industry is embryonic, and I suspect it will not grow fast in spite of all the government's encouragement, if we look all the time to possible overseas markets. Like most new countries, we need to start a host of small industries, of a kind which do not, singly, interest the large European sponsors and financial aid organizations; unlike most new countries, we are blessed with the possibility of large and secure internal markets for these products.

In addition to these questions, which may be summed up as Nigeria's special powers as a consumer country, we are to some extent misled and confused by current theories of underdevelopment with regard to the techniques to adopt in new enterprises, whether of food or non-food industries. We are constantly reminded of the difficulties of transferring technology to such areas. One set of expert voices—again in the learned journals—says that in such a country as ours labour is plentiful and capital is relatively scarce; so we should, to husband the scarce resources, use labour as intensively as possible and capital in as dilute a form as possible. They believe this is the efficient thing to do and that it fosters employment on a wider scale than capital-intensive processes. But another set of voices says that just because capital is scarce we should, wherever possible, encourage capital-intensive methods, and adopt the most modern equipment so as to produce the maximum rate of accumulation. We would, they point out, save more out of current output if we adopted more highly capitalized processes—profit earners, in short, who include governments, save more out of their income than do wage earners. Beset by these conflicting directions, the economic planner must tread his careful path.

The choice cannot be either the one or the other. We have a dual economy in Nigeria. In one field alone, for instance, we have the highly capital-intensive process of textile manufacture, and we have the ordinary hand-looms in the villages which still account for a large proportion of the output of textiles. Both techniques

exist side by side: the danger, in fact, is that the techniques are too polarized for the intermediate modes to develop. The small handicraft producers may consider the modern techniques too far beyond their horizons for them to aim at even a gradual expansion.

However, where it is a question specifically of promoting a manufacturing enterprise, I believe that a capital-intensive technique should be employed as often as possible, but for reasons that are not those usually offered. When people say that 'labour is plentiful' in a country like Nigeria, they are correct only if one thinks of labour as an undifferentiated, unskilled mass. Labour in the sense of managerial, professional, technical, and supervisory personnel is by no means plentiful; nor—apart from supervisors, perhaps—will it become so if the old massed labour

techniques are encouraged to continue. Between 1945 and 1955, Nigeria's ten-year development plan was held up in many respects because of lack of equipment. But in the last half of this decade a far more frequent cry has been this one of lack of skilled personnel. Attention is being given to technical education, though we need much more of it; and the introduction of modern equipment—which is what capital-intensive techniques amount to on the floor—will in itself both encourage and accustom workers to skills and responsibilities. I do not think it realistic on a national level to posit a choice between labour intensity and capital intensity. We should pursue a fairly extensive series in the spectrum of techniques; but at least plan for the capital-intensive sector with the workers as well as the capital in mind.

There is a danger of adopting modern processes not because of the economic arguments behind them, but partly for the façade. An impressive aerial rope-way was constructed for conveying

coal twenty-seven miles from the pithead at Enugu to the power station, whereas the coal could conveniently be transported overland, or the power station could have been sited nearer the pithead. There is a certain temptation natural, perhaps, in a politically emergent country, to take over the latest technology solely because it works elsewhere, and to overlook that it may work elsewhere because the infra-structure already exists and because education is already available at a high level.

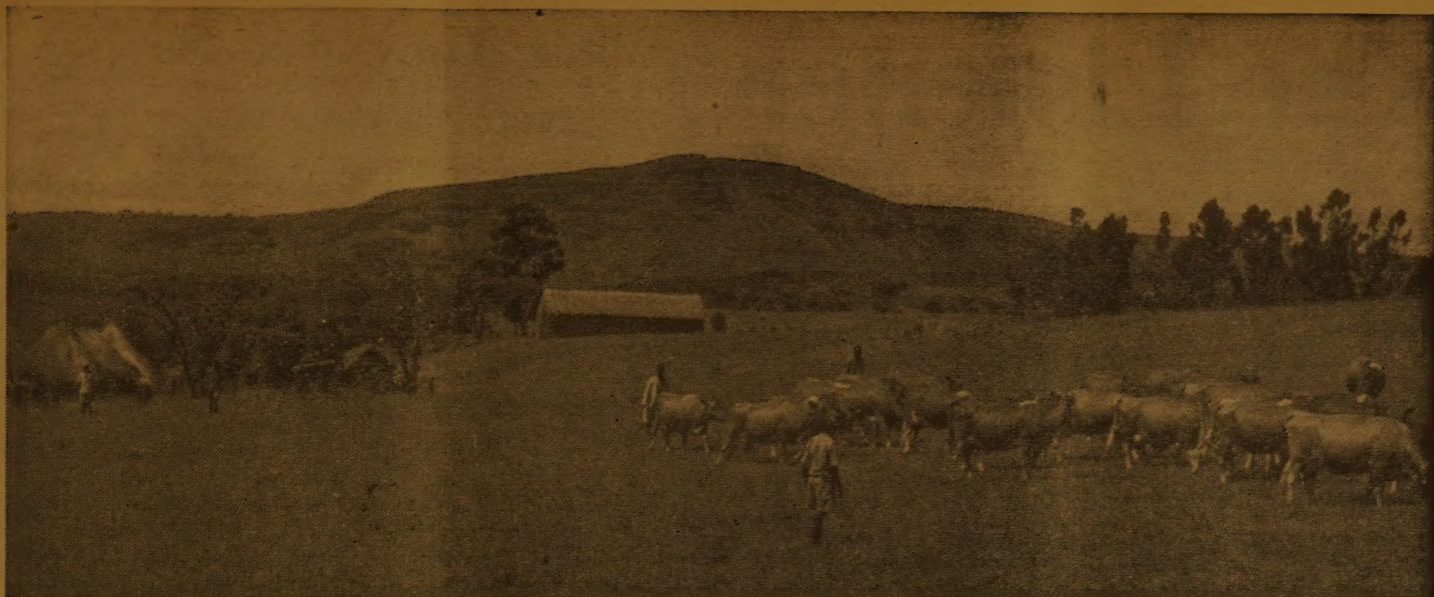
In general the climate, economic and political, in Nigeria is promising for investment and industrialization. The federal government, as I said, has set up various agencies and promulgated various laws to aid private industry, and they are determined to maintain this policy. For it is clear that for a long time to come Nigeria will require substantial overseas assistance in both technical knowledge and capital, and this assistance will not come out on an altruistic or philanthropic basis, but for profit. Both federal and regional governments have in fact given specific assurances that they recognize the need for foreign capital and have gone out of their way to solicit foreign investors in industry.

I speak as a Nigerian, but I believe most people would agree with me in supposing that Nigeria's political atmosphere is calmer than in most countries on the verge of independence, and that she has greater chances of economic viability than most. Certainly, even if I have been trying to chart the dangers, I share in the confidence and pride in Nigeria's independent future which all our people feel.—*Third Programme*



Engineering students in the workshop of the College of Technology at Zaria in northern Nigeria

J. Allan Cash



On a European farm in the White Highlands

Plan for the White Highlands of Kenya

By LIONEL FLEMING, B.B.C. Commonwealth and Colonial correspondent

THE Kenya Government's proposal for opening up the White Highlands is meeting with growing protest. I am a good deal surprised, not at the plan to open the White Highlands to other races but because of the indignant reaction to it, both from Whites and Africans. I do not mind confessing this because I feel sure that the Kenya Government is surprised too, and is now wondering why the thing should have blown up in its face like that. It rather looks as if the state of feeling in Kenya has been slightly misjudged.

There is nothing unexpected about the plan itself. When I was last in Nairobi, about six months ago, it was generally understood that something of this sort was going to be brought in fairly soon, and the official feeling was that it would be accepted, with more or less good grace, by the European element. A few months later, when it was definitely known that the plan would be proposed, there was no public outcry. But Kenya is well known throughout Africa as a place where moods can change very quickly and where feelings are expressed forcibly. It may be that the mood and the feelings will change back again once people are reassured about what the plan means.

Certainly, it is the very opposite of the South African policy of *apartheid*: it is the beginning of an attempt to break down racial barriers, not to build them up. Instead of seeking to confine people in racial enclosures, it might, in the long run, open up all the land to all the people. But in its present form it is a modest beginning—nothing like so revolutionary as the plan proposed four years ago by the Royal Commission on East Africa, though it evidently owes a good deal of its inspiration to that plan.

This present proposal, of course, provides only that there shall be no race discrimination in the *future* ownership or occupation of land in the White Highlands, and it does not seek to take any land away from the present European occupiers. But where there has been so long a history of suspicion on the one side and resentment on the other, it is perhaps natural that those feelings should still persist now.

Coming down towards Nairobi by air, one can see the African argument spread out underneath one—the small, overcrowded farms of the Kikuyu on the one side, and on the other the wide, rolling acres of the European farmers. Put in its crudest form, the African demand is that a good deal of this land should be given over to them, and it is in this crude form that Mr. Tom

Mboya has already begun to repeat the demand; and he evidently distrusts the careful safeguards of the plan—that only farmers of proved ability should be allowed the use of land in the White Highlands. To his mind, one can see, this could be open to the objection which many Africans take to the slogan 'equal rights for all civilized men'—that is, it might be so interpreted that no African would be found to qualify.

But there are the European arguments, too. In the first place, this is, after all, land in which they have sunk their money and to which they have devoted their lives. Why should they be made to give it up? It is also a fact that many Africans—far too many—have no real idea of proper farming, and have already ruined many thousands of their own acres by faulty management. Is that to happen in the White Highlands too?

Those are the opposing arguments in their most extreme terms. So far as the present proposals are concerned, they are really off the point. But they are so much in the minds of people in Kenya that they are bound to have their influence on any plan which touches this question of land, however moderate that plan may be. Yet, if Kenya is to develop into any kind of a 'non-racial' society, something of this kind is an essential beginning.

—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will include

Russia, the Atom, and the West, 1959
by George F. Kennan

Meeting Dr. Jung 'Face to Face'
by Frieda Fordham

Trotsky: Prophet Unarmed
by the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P.

Ask your newsagent to reserve your copy each week

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B.B.C. Programmes

PUBLICATION last week of the B.B.C.'s annual report* has occurred at a convenient moment, just after the Government's acquisition from the electorate of a new, possibly five-year, lease of life. It has also come just after a demonstration by the B.B.C. of its ability to handle in a progressive and realistic manner a most complicated broadcasting assignment, the covering of the General Election for both sound listeners and television viewers. Yet this was an exceptional operation and the success of it—even the sizable audiences attracted to stay up late and hear the constituency results as they were announced—is of far less importance than the Corporation's ability to attract and hold its regular audiences for ordinary run-of-the-mill broadcasting throughout the year. On this, the most striking fact reflected in the report is the rebirth of interest in sound broadcasting. 'At the present time', says the report, 'over twenty million people use their sound receivers at some time in the course of a day'.

Here is an answer to the television addicts of some years ago who talked so glibly of 'steam radio' and 'wireless for the blind'. The virtues of sound as a medium for broadcasting music are now generally understood, while for news bulletins, talks, and certain kinds of documentary programmes sound has proved itself the equal of television. The Italia and Italiana prizes won by such artists in production technique as Mr. Douglas Cleverdon and Mr. Donald McWhinnie demonstrate the scope that still exists for dramatic and special programmes. Among the more popular radio entertainment series, 'The Archers', 'Mrs. Dale's Diary', the 'Glum' family in 'Take It From Here' and a host of other characters in Variety have become almost national institutions. Who would have dared to predict, two years ago, that the heroes of 'Today', an early morning programme to which attention can only be paid by most listeners while they dress, shave, eat breakfast, or pack the children off to school, would be fêted at the 1959 Radio Show at Earls Court?

For the future of its sound programmes the B.B.C. has firm plans which are to include the better serving of certain minority interests. But during the next five years the largest question-marks hang over the future of television and broadcasting abroad. Last year, the External Services were successfully re-deployed, following the Hill report, and it is to be hoped now that they may be embarked on a period of the kind of stability that is essential if they are to hold their newest audiences growing up in so many remote corners of the world. The chief problem for television concerns the creation of a third channel. The B.B.C.'s new report again makes a plea for this to be under Corporation control. Two B.B.C. television services could 'be so planned', says the report, 'that the viewer always had a choice, at any time of the evening, between lighter and more substantial fare'. But whatever the outcome of this question, the liveliness of such B.B.C. television programmes as 'Panorama' and 'Tonight' in 1958-9 is a characteristic that has earned them enormous audiences, considering their relatively serious nature. The standard set by these is certainly one that during the new broadcasting year can, in the words of the retiring Director-General, 'do much to enhance men's understanding of the world and their enjoyment of it'.

* Cmnd. 834. H.M. Stationery Office, 8s.

What They Are Saying

Who shot at General Kassem?

MANY GUESSES or, it may be, well-informed conjectures, have been hazarded about the assailant who fired at and wounded the Prime Minister of Iraq, General Kassem, on October 7. They have ranged from straight allegations that this was a Pan-Arab Nationalist attempt, or a Communist one, to suggestions that the would-be assassin was 'planted' by the Communists in order to incriminate the Nationalists, or 'planted' by the Nationalists to incriminate the Communists. A United Arab Republic transmission quoted the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram* which said that so far the Communist Party had levelled accusations at the United Arab Republic, the United States, Britain, Jordan and Iraqi reactionary elements. The newspaper went on to point out that 'certain suspicious points of behaviour' had surrounded the Communists' attitude to the incident, and continued:

Six minutes after the attempt on Kassem's life Communist demonstrations were staged in Baghdad with the shouting of slogans against the Nationalists and Arab nationalism. One hour after the incident, armed Communist units proceeded to Azamiyah and other nationalist quarters and attempted to launch an attack. The stretch of Rashid Street in which the incident took place is considered by the Communists to be one of their strongholds in Baghdad.

The Egyptian newspaper added that it had been clear, from the first moment, that the attempt on Kassem's life had been used to serve Communist aims, just as Kassem himself had been used for these aims. A later Cairo broadcast to the Sudan said it had been proved that the man killed during the attempt to assassinate Kassem was a Communist.

The following quotation by Baghdad radio from the Iraqi newspaper, *Sawt Al Ahrar*, was fairly typical of much Iraqi comment on the attempt against Kassem:

The people refuse to consider the attempt to assassinate the leader as springing from motives of personal vengeance or as rash and foolish acts. The valiant leader of the Republic has clearly incriminated imperialism, the covetous, agents and other traitors.

At least one Baghdad home service broadcast made a direct accusation against the Egyptian President of responsibility for the assassination attempt:

Abdul Nasser's policy appears clearly in his plotting against the Iraqi Republic, culminating in the greatest plot, which sought the life of the leader Karim Kassem, and the life of the entire Iraqi people and their immortal Republic.

Moscow radio in Arabic was more noncommittal:

The imperialists and the reactionaries hope that the mere fact of the removal of a leader would cause confusion and disturbance in the nation. But such an attempt cannot possibly hinder the progressive modern march. Soon after the revolution of July 14 the imperialists and reactionaries tried to overthrow the Nationalist Government in Iraq by force of arms. The plot failed. Reaction later planned the Mosul insurrection, and this too was quickly suppressed. Dirty reaction then played its last card, the desperate attempt.

A Russian transmission in English announced that television programmes are to be exchanged among the East European countries and the Soviet Union under an agreement signed between these countries. A coaxial cable is already being laid on the Soviet-Polish section of the net. Quoting spokesmen of the Russian Ministry of Communications, the broadcast went on:

Quite feasible technically, given the proper agreement, is the inclusion of Warsaw and Prague into the West European 'Eurovision' system. So the Soviet television viewers will be able to see and hear, say, a concert given by some famous Italian singer in Milan, to admire the exhibits of the Paris Louvre or the London British Museum. Without leaving their homes, television audiences in Britain or France will be able to see performances of the Bolshoi or Art Theatres or visit a gala ball at the Gorki Central Recreation Park. A single television system is yet another step towards the development of cultural co-operation and international understanding.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

BRITAIN'S BUMPER HARVEST

'I THINK IT IS SAFE to say that British farmers have had the best corn harvest this year that they have ever known', said ANTHONY PARKIN in the General Overseas Service. 'Yields were very high, and owing to the exceptionally dry weather it was the easiest and cheapest harvest to get in for many years.

'The latest estimates from the Ministry of Agriculture—and they are still only estimates—put the yield of wheat at over 28 hundredweight an acre, an all-time record. But because the wheat acreage was lower, the total crop stands at about the same level as last year's, although it is of much better quality. This figure of 28 hundredweight is, of course, an average: there have been some really bumper crops.

'Barley production is about 25 per cent. up on last year's total, whereas oats are about the same as last year from a smaller acreage. I do not think farmers have ever been more satisfied. So much depends here on how easily you can get the crop in—and this often makes all the difference between loss and profit. One of the most expensive jobs in most years, for instance, is drying the grain to make it safe to store, and this difficulty has been almost unknown this year.

'Our bumper harvest does not mean, however, that we shall not need to import wheat and barley this winter, although we may well need to buy less. Although the total yield of our wheat



Cutting wheat on a farm at Crickley Barrow, Gloucestershire, this year

is about the same as last year, its high quality will mean that it is much easier to make into flour—one optimist suggested that it rivalled Manitoba No. 1, the hard Canadian wheat so popular for bread-making in this country.

'Surprisingly enough in a dry year like this one, the yields of our two main root crops—potatoes and sugar beet—are very promising. Potatoes are expected to yield more than last year, and as for sugar beet, although the weight of roots is likely to be lower, the sugar content is estimated to be 25 per cent. up'.

MIGRATING SPIDERS

'If you go for a walk in the country about now', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today', 'you may notice vast stretches of gossamer shimmering on the grass and across the hedges. Or you may, perhaps, find a single strand arriving on your face as you go along. The thousands of millions of yards of silk that the spiders weave at this time of the year mean that countless numbers of families are breaking up. If there are too many mouths to feed in one family, a sudden food shortage can lead them to contemplate each other as a possible meal, so it is a wise move for the young to leave home before they find themselves falling victims to their hungry relations.

'Every time weather conditions are favourable, autumn sees a mass migration of these tiny creatures, each climbing to some suitable take-off point such as the top of a tall plant or a post, where they face into the wind and spin a drop of liquid silk. Gradually the fine thread is drawn out by the breeze, and when it becomes long enough to carry the weight of the spider, it bears him away on a journey that may amount to anything from a few yards to several miles. The migrating spiders cannot choose the way to go: that must be decided by the wind. But they can exercise some control over the length of their journey, either by hauling in some thread or by spinning a little more. Much of the gossamer one now sees in the countryside is made up, as it were, of the spiders' discarded parachutes.

'These vast expanses of silk give some indication of the huge numbers of spiders there must be. In a field of rough grass in Sussex it was once discovered that there were no fewer than 2,265,000 to the acre. This may have been somewhat exceptional, but it has been worked out that the average number of spiders



A diadem spider in its web

Barry Westwood

to the acre in England and Wales is probably not less than 50,000, which makes a total population in these two countries of something like 2,200,000,000,000. If you are spider-haters it is worth remembering that most of them are no more than a few millimetres in length, and also that spiders do an enormous amount of good in killing off insect pests. In fact, the weight of insects eaten by spiders all over the country actually exceeds the total weight of food required by the entire human population'.

BOOTH THEATRES

In 'Midlands Miscellany' JOHN ODAMS recalled his association with booth theatres, a popular entertainment which toured provincial towns before 1914. 'My first visit to a booth theatre', he said, 'was in 1902

just about when I was leaving school. It was most unsatisfactory. A travelling theatre company erected their booth at the end of my uncle's orchard at Market Harborough where I was on holiday. I went with my sister and girl cousins to see a play based on Miss Bradon's novel, *Lady Audley's Secret*. We paid sixpence (half price) and sat in the front row. Unfortunately in the tense moments of the play when the leading man was holding the stage, the girls got the giggles and at the end of the act, to my great annoyance, we were asked

to leave. Later that week I went alone, paying threepence, trying to be inconspicuous in the back row. I saw what I thought were thrilling performances of two plays by the popular Victorian dramatist, Dion Boucicault—*The Shaughraun* and *The Colleen Bawn*. These booth theatres had to suit the popular taste. Then, as now, murder and violence played a big part in entertainment. They had an extensive repertoire. Sometimes during a month's stay they would give a fresh play each evening. *The Harbour Lights*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Girl who Took the Wrong Turning*, and *Lady Audley's Secret* were favourites.

'The actors would put up their booth, with a wagon forming the stage, and one side was let down to form an apron extension; and in front of this a structure with wooden sides and canvas roof. The audience sat on wooden benches. The booth theatres played all through the year. During winter months a prominent line on the playbills informed patrons that a large coke fire would be kept burning for their comfort.

'Many players famous in the London theatres spent their early days with a booth theatre. Paddy Rayner's booth was one of the best known in the Midlands. It often occupied a stand in the Sneinton market at Nottingham and visited other towns in the county. Costumes were sometimes a difficulty. A booth actor, relating his experiences to Oliver Goldsmith, said: "We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio".

'My first active part in a play was as stage manager in *East Lynne*, when a booth theatre came to Netherfield, near Nottingham, in the summer of 1912. I fixed Little Willie on two chairs for a bed—he was rather tall for his age but I managed to hide his legs. There was great applause at the fall of the curtain on the big scene with Lady Isobel's pathetic cry: "Dead, dead, and

never called me mother". The proprietor beamed with satisfaction as he turned to me and said: "Ah, that always fetches the blighters"—or words to that effect.

'As the booth theatres were always adding new plays to their repertoire, they never had time to be word perfect. So long as they knew the story and the general situations each player improvised as the play proceeded. Some players had stock speeches or verses which they would insert wherever they thought it appropriate.

'My last association with the booth theatres was in the summer of 1912. Soon after the production of *East Lynne* I emulated Nicholas Nickleby and wrote a play for the strolling players. It was called *The Scarlet Robe* and owed much to unacknowledged borrowings from Stanley Weyman and Dumas. I was surprised

when the proprietor said he would put it on at the end of the week. The censor and laws of copyright did not seem to trouble him. The growing popularity of the moving pictures had so reduced his audiences that he was ready to take any chances. He whitewashed the field gates and any available place with the announcement "Play by a local author", and attracted a fair audience. After the play I received the congratulations of the leading lady. I was a little disappointed but I should have known what to expect—I had scarcely heard two lines of what I had



Dancers outside Studt's portable theatre, about 1908

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

written. They did it in their own way, getting the hang of the story and putting it over in their own words'.

TRAVELLING WARM

'If you were not well-to-do in 1839 it was just as well to take along a good overcoat when you went travelling by rail', said R. J. BLACKMORE in a talk in Network Three. 'Passenger accommodation on the Great Western Railway at about that period consisted of two classes—first-class coaches, and second-class open carriages. There was certainly a roof over the heads of second-class passengers, but the sides were only three feet high. In the same year a parliamentary committee questioned the G.W.R. about the possibility of providing third-class accommodation. The company's secretary replied that "doubtless the very lowest order of passengers would eventually be conveyed, by very slow trains, once a day, in inferior accommodation, at a very low price, and probably at night". In 1840, after the line had reached Reading, it was announced that "the goods-train passengers will be conveyed in uncovered trucks by goods-train only".

'Gradually the design of carriages changed to something more suited to our climate. Eventually the Great Northern Railway introduced a metal footstool containing hot water; and then in 1856 the Great Western came along with what they called hot-water warmers, for first-class passengers only. Mr. J. Gibson, the Carriage Superintendent at Paddington, reported that the cost of "feetwarmers" would be about 12s. 6d. each, thirty of which would need to be sent out with each "long train" in cold weather. It was not until 1870 that the feet of second-class passengers were catered for, and three years later we find—to quote an official document—"the favour of their use was conceded to third-class travellers"'.

On the Beaches of Kiev

By GEORGE STEINER

I HAD always had my doubts about Russians and water. These were confirmed one hot August day on the beaches of the Dnieper at Kiev. When I suggested to my Intourist guide that we should skip one of the exhibits of Socialist progress and go swimming instead, she, who was absolutely indomitable on land, became distinctly uneasy. My suggestion that we should swim across the Dnieper, not a formidable swim by any standard, was met with general scepticism. When I reached the middle of the stream a fat lifeguard with a straw boater called me back through his megaphone as if I had been in direst peril. When I returned to the shore my stern guardian angel had vanished.

Use of Yiddish

In her place I found a large crowd of interested Russians. One of them approached me at once and asked me whether I was American. He spoke to me in Yiddish. Throughout the Ukraine, Yiddish is fairly current. There is a fascinating reason for it. During even the worst years of the Stalin darkness, Jews managed to keep alive contacts with the outside world. To get any news whatever a number of non-Jews learned the ancient underground tongue of eastern Europe.

As I chatted with this first Russian, the group grew rapidly. Whereas citizens of Moscow and Leningrad are becoming used to foreigners (it is said that 15,000 Americans visited the Soviet Union this summer), the average Ukrainian still regards a Westerner as a rare trophy. After a few minutes a young girl—let us call her Natalia—asked me whether I was prepared to answer questions and to tell her and the other bystanders something about my life in the United States. She suggested that I should speak German which she, being a student of chemistry, spoke fluently. She gave me her word of honour that she would translate accurately what I said.

By this time there must have been well over a hundred straining eager faces crowding in on me. Natalia ordered everyone to sit round us in a circle. And there began the most extraordinary seminar I have ever been privileged to give. Inevitably, matters started with *Doctor Zhivago*. I conceded at the outset that the book might not be a great novel on stylistic or formal grounds but I insisted on its immense value as a document of integrity. A number of my listeners countered with the classic argument that there could not be full freedom of publication in a country many of whose citizens had not yet reached full intellectual responsibility. They pointed out that the freedom to publish sadistic trash was one of the uglier aspects of Anglo-American culture. I objected that it was no use to burn forbidden books, as they got through anyway. This raised rather a laugh and a splendidly corpulent lady in a pink bikini asked whether I had a copy of *Doctor Zhivago*, suggesting that she could hide it on her person.

Western Critics and Soviet Writers

When the laughter had died down, Natalia severely pointed out that I was a professor (though I kept protesting that I had no real right to this title) and that I should not be bothered with trivial questions. Was it true, she asked, that Western critics did not think much of contemporary Soviet writers? I answered that a nation which had produced Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Pushkin could do better than Sholochov and all the other masters of factory lyricism. Someone shouted from the edge of the crowd what of Blok and Mayakovsky? What of their death, said I? A number of voices called to Natalia at that moment and she said to me that most of the people there did not know much about those years in which the finest of modern Russian poets had killed themselves or been deported. I hesitated for a moment and asked Natalia whether my impromptu audience wanted to hear

something about the late 'twenties and early 'thirties. For despite the tremendous changes which have taken place in Russia since the twentieth party congress, the period from about 1925 to 1940 remains for most Russians a blank.

During the next hour we discussed the fall of Trotsky, the purge trials, and the entire problem of Stalin's achievement. Many of the older people sitting round me had memories of the long terror. The younger ones think of Stalin essentially as the architect of victory over Hitler. One young woman with strong Tartar features asked me whether I thought that Trotsky would have been the man to impose on Russia the iron discipline and singleness of purpose by which alone the Soviet Union had survived the Nazi onslaught? I pointed out to her that Trotsky had kept at bay the armies of counter-revolution in the early crucial years of Soviet life. But I conceded that there was in Stalin's unyielding brutality a part of necessary virtue. When I told them some of the details of how Trotsky had been murdered in Mexico, a young boy from the edge of the crowd shouted angrily; I saw that Natalia was acutely embarrassed and did not want to translate for me what he had said. But I insisted. She stammered: 'Professor, he says you are a liar'.

I pretended to get very angry. 'Tell him', I said, 'that in the West even a very junior professor does not lie: he will simply say that he doesn't know the answer. What I've told you of Trotsky's murder is a fact'. Natalia translated and must have added that I was angry, for a great many apologies poured in and a gentleman with a splendid Tolstoyan beard wormed his way through the throng precariously carrying for me *moroshenoye*, the superb Russian ice-cream. As I was eating it Natalia firmly announced that the professor could now have a rest and would resume the conference (so she insisted on calling it) in twenty minutes.

Traditional Questions

But by the time we were all settled again in an ever-growing circle Natalia had decided that I should answer various queries about Western policy. I emphasized that I had no right to speak for anyone but myself but promised to do my best. There followed that series of questions which has become the traditional ordeal of any tourist in Russia: unemployment in the West, the Negro problem, British actions in Kenya and Nyasaland, the American coup in Guatemala. The Russian is often fantastically ignorant of large issues but cruelly well informed on small sins. Thus, for example, I hardly met anyone who did not have a painfully close knowledge of events in Notting Hill or of the latest outrage against a synagogue in Atlanta, Georgia. Suddenly, I was asked about the trial of Glazov which recently took place in Athens. I pointed out that the man had a public trial and was now appealing against his sentence. Imre Nagy and Paul Maleter were shot or hanged in some Rumanian dungeon without even the semblance of justice.

'That was war', said Natalia, angrily.

'If it was war', said I, 'it was war between a genuine working class and an invading Red Army'. A great silence fell, the first for many hours. When we resumed it was on muted tones and there began the inevitable conciliatory exchange of family photographs.

In itself that afternoon on the beach at Kiev was of no great significance. But it does point to something of the transformation taking place in the Soviet Union. At no time did I have the feeling that either my audience or I were in any danger. Once in a while a perspiring policeman would drift over to have a look at the crowd. No one paid the least attention to him. At one point in the discussion I told my listeners that I was sick and tired of the constant slogan '*Mir i druijba*'—'peace and friendship'. There was something a good deal more important

even than peace: it was freedom. They threw at me the taunt that an unemployed man cannot feed a family on freedom. I ventured the guess that a good deal of our unemployed would prefer even their precarious lot to the Soviet guarantee of security.

'What do you mean by freedom?' asked Natalia.

'Going to bed at night without thinking for a moment that someone will knock on my door and haul me off as a political suspect'. Scarcely had I said this, when a great chorus of protest arose. Natalia grasped both my hands and said: 'That won't happen again here. No one knocks on our doors at night now. We are no longer afraid'.

'But what assurance have you', I asked, 'that the past will not return?' A man in the crowd was quick to reply. 'The assurance is right here', he shouted: 'the fact that we should be sitting with you and talking this way this afternoon'.

I think he was right. From such beaches at Kiev a return to Stalinism is nearly inconceivable. A few days later I was in Leningrad. I saw an announcement of a performance of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. I went to the theatre and bought a programme. On it in bold letters stood the name of the translator: Boris Pasternak. There is no question but that the Soviet Government has kept its word to its great mutineer. The titles of his next two books (one of them a translation of the Indian poet Tagore) are already being announced.

What is remarkable and important is the fact that the treatment of Pasternak signifies not only a break with the Stalinist

past but a break with nearly the whole of Russian history. Russia has now known two great modern revolutions, one in 1917 and one in the years from 1954 to the present. During the whole of my travels this summer, I wondered whether the second revolution was not the more decisive. In many respects, Lenin and Stalin took over from the long tradition of Tsarist tyranny. They found the ancient system of oppression in a weakened and corrupt state. They strengthened it, adding to it the peculiar structure of party control. But the fundamental break with the Russian past did not take place in 1917. It seems to have taken place after the death of Stalin. Under a Peter, a Paul, or a Nicholas, no less than under Stalin, there could have been neither the possibility for a Pasternak to continue his active career nor such an afternoon on a beach at Kiev.

Obviously, the Soviet Union is taking a calculated risk. How will Marxist theory and the Marxist view of the world adjust to the new intoxication of free thought and to the ever-increasing contacts between Russia and the West? I wonder whether the answer does not lie precisely in the fact that Marxism is of as little interest to the great majority of Russians today as the dilemmas of theology are to most ordinary members of the Church of England. If the majority of Russians really cared passionately about dialectical materialism and began trying to match the old slogans to the new realities, serious strains would develop. Actually, I suspect that they will leave such worries to the Chinese.—*Third Programme*

New Towns of the Future

By PETER SELF

THE main lesson of the recent exhibition on new towns at the Royal Academy in London seemed to me this: that the new towns do provide a real alternative to the growth of London, Manchester, Birmingham, and the rest—but only if we can build more of them; and I am going to suggest here that the only cure for the vast problem around London is to start at once on another half-dozen new towns. One fact at the exhibition stands out: the eight new towns around London now have 300 factories employing 50,000 workers. In the old days these factories would have been set up along Western or Eastern Avenue and their workers would have come from all over the place. To have jumped a green belt eight or nine miles wide may not have seemed much of an achievement but it has gone just far enough to bring homes and jobs together in the way Ebenezer Howard envisaged and Patrick Geddes wanted.

Genuine Communities

The new towns really are as yet genuine communities, which the dormitory estates of outer suburbia can never become. They will go on being towns and London will go on benefiting from their existence so long as the green belt is preserved. And here is the danger point. The green belt is under far stronger pressure than is usually realized—and the pressure is getting fiercer all the time, because the expansion of Greater London is going on at such a fantastic rate. It is true that the effect of even eight new towns is very limited: they have made only a relatively small dent in the overspill problem, which they were originally meant to cure; and because they are so close to London they could easily be drawn into the metropolitan sprawl themselves.

Abercrombie recognized this and his idea was that they should be followed up by a large number of town extension schemes at points well beyond London. But this has not happened. Despite the Town Development Act, few such schemes have been started. And Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool are even worse off than London, having no new towns at all. I feel strongly that the time has come for a new initiative. The demand all round the outer parts of the London region is going to increase. The pressure round Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool is becoming

greater all the time. It is much better, it seems to me, to concentrate all this development in a number of new towns than let it go all over the place within a sort of broad arc of fifty miles from London or twenty miles from Birmingham or Manchester.

Redeveloping Big Cities

Unfortunately the idea has got about that there is an alternative to these new towns in the massive redevelopment of the big cities themselves. Many planners and architects are impatient, and rightly impatient, at our slowness in cleaning up and replacing the old inner areas. I do not think it is so much a matter of opposition to new towns as the playing down of the need for dispersal in general. It is a matter of where you put the emphasis, and emphasis depends on emotional tastes. In a recent talk in the Third Programme, Arthur Ling talked about 'urban renewal'.* He did not oppose the ideas of more new towns; he may have felt, and one can understand the feeling, that much effort has gone into new towns; now he wants more effort expended on the redevelopment of the inner areas of cities.

I am entirely in agreement with pushing ahead much faster with redevelopment in the cities, and this is quite as important, more so in some ways, than the new towns. But I am sure that—anyhow for the present—it will not enable more people to live within the cities than live now at the present. This is because redevelopment has to start in the inner areas which are also congested ones. That is to say, the houses are fairly thick on the ground, often forty to the acre, and they are also overcrowded; sometimes there are sixty families in forty houses. And new land is needed in these areas for playgrounds and better schools and the bigger layouts which factories now require. So the residential area as such is cut down. Therefore one cannot hope to put all the people now living there back unless one builds up to very high levels indeed, with blocks of flats from fifteen to twenty storeys high. This would be enormously costly. Construction costs for these tall flats would be well over twice the cost of ordinary housing. It would also be very unpopular, for families with children want at least maisonettes if they cannot have houses.

And what would be the point? Far from making old urban areas better places to live in, they would be fled by all save the childless and the very poor.

In terms of practical politics it must be remembered that there are already powers for comprehensive redevelopment schemes, but because of the pressure of public housing it is hard to do more than make these inner areas working-class areas pure and simple. Therefore the whole thing tends to be viewed in terms of how high a density can be insisted on for the workers who are going to live there.

What actually goes on in cities at the moment are compromises which entail plenty of tall flats but which still displace, as a rule, about half the people living in these areas. Rather further out from the centres are streets of those big Victorian and Edwardian houses which would yield better results if subsidies were available to clear the buildings and land. As Arthur Ling suggested, this would be an excellent thing to do—though he forgot to mention that enormous subsidies already are paid for flats linked with slum clearance: over twice those on a new town house. If these existing subsidies were spread a little more widely, it would be possible to attract back into the cities more middle-class residents. I hope this will be done. But the



A congested area near the centre of Birmingham which is due for redevelopment

Paul Redmayne

corollary must be to move a still greater number of workers and a greater volume of employment to new areas. The exodus beyond the city boundaries will continue on a large scale. It will be stimulated not only by the cities' redevelopment projects but by increases in the number of families, by the relief of overcrowding, and by the growing demand (which prosperity brings) for modern houses and gardens which can only be built outside the cities proper.

In one sense these debates over whether dispersal is needed or not are unreal. During the last seven years, the spread of people beyond Greater London has so much increased that some 660,000 people have settled either in or be-

yond the green belt, and little more than a third of this growth has been in the new towns themselves. What will happen as this process goes on? The local planning authorities are keen enough to protect the green belt and the remaining countryside of south-east England. But can they, unaided, resist this tidal wave? It seems far more likely that most of the countryside will go and that the green belt, if it survives at all, will become a curious kind of circular park within a larger urban area.

Another consequence of this spread of population will be a great increase in long-distance commuting. We know that this



'Elegant rows of terrace housing and the often skilful use of trees': a road in the new town of Bracknell, Berkshire

is already taking place, as in the last seven years the exodus of population has far outstripped the dispersal of employment. The congestion in central London may eventually become so intolerable as to force many more industries and offices towards the outer parts of the London region. But the movement will be uncoordinated; firms and employees will be making for different destinations and cross-country travelling round the edges of the London region will increase. All this means vast urban sprawl and litter and a worsening of our already intensive transport problems.

Stopping Sprawl

To my mind the only cure for this situation in the London region is to create at once another half-dozen new towns. Their value would be threefold. First they will concentrate on a limited number of sites much of the development which is certain to occur anyway. This is much the best way to stop sprawl, and it is amazing that the vigilant defenders of agriculture and the countryside have not grasped this obvious point, that they continue to oppose new towns simply because they are large projects. As I see it, their relatively large size is one of their great virtues. One new town does far less damage to the countryside than a hundred little nibbles. Moreover, new towns take up much less farm land per person housed than the kind of loose private development which has again become popular. Never was there a sillier statement than that we are building new towns to starve in. If the loss of agricultural land is a threat to our food supplies—a point which has still not been properly decided—then at any rate new towns are the best way to meet it.

Secondly, new towns act as magnets to draw factories and, with skill, offices too away from London. This helps to keep the dispersal of employment in line with that of population. It also ensures that homes and work-places are located in a rational relationship to each other. It would obviously make people's lives a great deal less frustrating and more convenient; for one thing it would mean less leisure time wasted in commuting.

My third point is that new towns not only ease the transport problem but can be designed to fit in with new transport developments. For example, they can be placed close to the new motorways which are certain to be built. Conversely, these motorways should be designed to provide efficient links between the various new towns and between them and London. The next lot of new towns for London should plainly be sited further out than the present ones. Otherwise, the risk of continuous sprawl will become much too great. The sites chosen should preferably be at least forty miles from the centre, and some might be appreciably further. Given modern communications, this is not too long a distance for easy economic contacts—in fact it is often easier to travel from forty miles out to one end of London than to cross London itself.

One may ask whether the new Government can be expected to start any more new towns. The last Conservative Government was not willing to do so, apart from the special case of Cumbernauld, but it was prepared for London and Birmingham themselves to build new towns for their overspill populations. I am sure this idea will not work. A big city cannot reasonably be expected to jump twenty to fifty miles, and then set about attracting firms and workers from its own front door-step. This is altogether too ambivalent a proceeding, especially as the city often views it with some reluctance. Even to find a site in the first place it has to make a foray into what is usually hostile territory. And if it finds a site, it will want to provide only for the people that happen to be on its housing list—not for the mixture of people who might naturally wish to move to the towns.

Not Tied to Party Politics

New towns are not an issue of party politics. Both main parties have contributed to building the present ones. Nor—and this is an important point—are they tied up with any particular housing policy. Houses in a new town could be entirely built by public enterprise, or 50 or even 75 per cent. of them could be private enterprise. Their function is a planning one—to attract firms and workers to a good new environment while avoiding sprawl. That is why the creation of more new towns *should* be an essential

part of the new Government's policy. It is very keen on green belts round big cities—Mr. Sandys led the way in this respect—but it must, as a corollary, offer alternatives to further lateral growth. And what adequate alternative is there except more new towns—including in that phrase town expansions which are too big for the local council to handle?

I have concentrated so much on the arguments in favour of more new towns that the question of their quality and character has had to be rather left aside. But I am afraid that those who find the present new towns insufficiently urban will not get much satisfaction out of the next lot. It is impossible to sell to the English the vertical ideals of continental planners. Their natural individualistic tastes are precisely opposite, and left to themselves most would cheerfully vote for single or semi-detached houses or bungalows, built at six or eight dwellings to the acre. The mass results of such tastes are not only ugly but grossly inconvenient. But if something better is to be offered to the planners by the planners, that something must stay within the English idiom and tradition.

In my view, it is to the credit of the present new towns that they try to do so, without flouting popular tastes too severely. Personally, I like the elegant little rows and squares of terrace housing and the often skilful use of trees, grass and existing buildings. If the style is small and intimate, that is a fair reflection of English taste. I agree that the total effect becomes sometimes stale and repetitive, but that is due to the fact that we have standard subsidies, coupled with a great reluctance in this country to pay anything like economic rents. Most new town houses have been built so far for workers who expect to pay the same rents and so get the same kind of home. That is how the repetitiveness comes about. What I would like to see is an acceptance in our society of the idea that one can have a slightly better house with still a modest subsidy, if one pays a slightly higher rent for it.

Towards Variety in Design

At the moment that is not acceptable. One of the strengths of my new towns is that they would have a much wider range of housing types and styles, both because public housing policy would be more elastic and because private enterprise would join in as well. Then you might get the variety I am describing. But if this is to be so, there is all the more need to come to terms with popular taste. To my mind it should be possible to insist on reasonably high standards of design, but it will be still less practicable than in the present new towns to push up housing densities in the way that many architects and some planners devoutly wish. On the other hand, the town centres will provide scope for new ideas, and I hope that such things as the Stevenage pedestrian precinct will be repeated on a larger and grander scale.

To summarize my argument: The immediate aim might be to start a dozen further new towns to house a million people. As already suggested, half of these might be related to London, but it is essential that the needs of other congested, spreading cities should also be remembered. These cities easily get left out because they are politically less influential. I hope too we shall not stick too slavishly to present patterns, but will be prepared to consider putting one new town in the south-west of England or in Wales. The New Town Development Corporation has proved its worth. It is a good instrument for attracting industry and commerce, and for recouping rising land values so as to cover the overhead costs of town development. Why not then use this device again, and do so before the staffs of the present corporations have been dispersed and their experience lost?

The programme sounds large, but no new Act is needed for it; all that is needed is to designate new areas for new towns and appoint corporations to build them; what we do need is a change in public policy. But this would be the logical and necessary corollary of other measures on which people, and particularly the present Government, do seem to be agreed, such as containing big cities and protecting the countryside. The extreme urbanists, who want to do these things without at the same time allowing for any further dispersal, are playing straight into the hands of those who favour a return to complete *laissez-faire*. It is impossible simply to thwart social and economic forces. It is possible to guide them. We shall not have another chance to do so.

—Third Programme

The Sorcerers

By MAGNUS PYKE

IT is hardly surprising that even well-educated people sometimes have the idea that science is a kind of obscure esoteric mystery, when they see some of the remarkable things that it leads to in an otherwise matter-of-fact and business-like world. For example, a few months ago an announcement appeared in the weekly scientific journal, *Nature*, which read as follows:

The Medical Research Council Tropical Metabolism Research Unit, University College of the West Indies, Mona, St. Andrew, Jamaica, has a limited stock of dried lanterns from fireflies, *Photinus pallens* . . . The Tropical Metabolism Research Unit will supply them at a price of £2 10s. a hundred, which covers the expense of collection and includes air-mail postage to research workers who apply to the address above.

Could anything smack more strongly of magic? Fireflies' lanterns, forsooth, from St. Andrew, Jamaica! And the incongruous modern conjunction with air-mail postage only seems to make the whole thing more peculiar. I should add that the Medical Research Council is not alone in the firefly-lantern business. An American commercial firm is said to have engaged large numbers of schoolchildren to collect these insects in the south-east and mid-west States of the U.S.A. With the broad sweep that we have come to expect from United States industry, the firm has set itself a target of a million fireflies in a year's campaign.

Sherlock Holmes used to shock Dr. Watson by jumping to the end of a chain of deductions and suddenly remarking that the wife of the man to whom a jettisoned bowler hat belonged must have ceased to love him; or he would tell Lestrade of Scotland Yard that the chances of catching a maniac who had concealed a pearl in a plaster statue of Napoleon were two to one if he went to Chiswick. We feel the same sense of mystery over the fireflies' lanterns as Lestrade and Watson did, and for the same reason. We are presented with a single peculiar set of circumstances without the perfectly logical and comprehensible chain of events that has led up to it. The satisfactory feature about the Sherlock Holmes stories is that their essential rationality is always set out in the end, whereas the danger to our own times and the most serious failure in the intellectual equipment of otherwise educated men and women is that they are prepared to accept science as sorcery and pass off the fireflies merely as part of some necromantic scientific brew.

What the firefly people are doing is trying to unravel the nature of the very spark of life itself; that is to say, the fundamental mechanism of muscular activity by which, in higher animals at least, life is seen obviously to be different from non-life. And today, following a perfectly logical and consistent series of obser-

ventions extending for about 250 years, this is just what they seem in sight of achieving.

I suppose that at the beginning of the Iron Age some of the more classically educated members of Bronze Age society had the impression that there was an element of sorcery in the new ability to smelt iron. Today, when we in our own lifetime have passed from the Chemical Age into the Age of Nuclear Physics (Harwell, if you like), it is important that we should remember where we *have* got to: to a state of understanding when we are able to handle atoms and particles, not merely the crude Bronze Age chemical molecules of our grandfathers. The new knowledge does not only apply to atomic bombs and radio-cobalt but to the mechanisms of biology as well.

As a general rule we are accustomed to divide up our knowledge of the material universe around us into separate tidy compartments: chemistry is concerned with the composition of matter, biology with living creatures, and physics with force and energy: heat, light and sound, and electricity—that sort of thing. There is, however, in the world

of school physics a famous problem in which, unrecognized by the examiners, an element of biology has intruded. The problem postulates a weightless rope slung over a frictionless pulley. At one end of the rope there is suspended a ten-pound weight while at the other end there clings a ten-pound monkey. The question is, what will happen to the whole system if the monkey begins to climb up the rope. The examiners who invented this conundrum conceived it to be a problem in dynamics which, we can assume, is a part of physics. But for the monkey the question is one of biology.

There are a number of people at the present time who are actively

studying the problem: how does energy drive life? Among these are the scientific workers who will be using the fireflies' lanterns. To the monkey climbing the rope or to a man swimming the Channel it is a matter of physical energy. To the biologist it is muscular contraction. Up to the present, the facts behind living movements have seemed confused. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi recently said: 'The situation with muscle is at present similar to that of the holy elephant which had ninety-nine names, the real one being the hundredth, known only to the elephant himself'. But this situation is changing and we are beginning to get a glimpse of what this name really is.

Biochemists have had a long and fruitful—and eminently systematic—look at the problem. Their primary discovery was that to get energy at all there has to be fuel to supply it. But although muscles use up sugars as fuel in doing work, this is



Firefly *Photinus pallens*
(actual length, half an inch)
British Museum (Natural History)



'An American commercial firm is said to have engaged large numbers of schoolchildren to collect these insects in the south-east and mid-west States of the U.S.A.'

obviously not combustion in the sense of burning in a steam locomotive or an internal combustion engine. Instead, the fuel for living muscles releases its energy in an integrated chain of chemical changes, each link of which has been elucidated by a laborious series of chemical analyses. The working out of this mechanism represents an example of skilled and delicate achievement of the Chemical Age but, while telling how the fuel for muscular movement is combusted, it does not explain how the muscle is made to move. In a railway engine the fuel is coupled to the wheels by the kinetic energy of steam; in a motor-car it is the expansion of hot gases.

This, however, is not the Age of Chemistry but the Age of Physics just as much in biology as in anything else. Part of the mechanism by which muscle is able to do work is the series of molecular rearrangements I have just mentioned. A ripple of energy passes along the file of contiguous breakdown products of sugar. The matter which has, however, been causing the chemists of biology their main concern has been how this chemical energy actually makes a muscle move. There can be no question here of water boiling, as in a railway engine, or the combustion of gas as in a motor-car. What all the laborious and, at times, ingenious chemistry has turned up has been the discovery that the main link by which the energy of what amounts to slow chemical combustion of sugar in muscle is geared actually to making a living creature go is a substance called *adenosine triphosphate*. This compound, as its name implies, has three phosphate radicles attached to it. But now the physicists begin to put their word in. The end phosphate group in the molecule is fixed on by electronic bonds as if it were mounted on a stiff spring which had been twisted in being fixed. Thus, when the phosphate is detached, as the chemists can show it is, it springs round, as it were, with the released energy of the twisted spring and imparts a sharp pulse of energy to its neighbouring molecule.

Today it is fairly well understood that an essential part of the work done by the series of interlocking chemical changes in the breakdown of sugar (which have so painstakingly and laboriously been worked out) is the 'winding up' of the tension by which the end phosphate group is fixed on to the adenosine triphosphate molecule. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi once did a striking experiment to show what happens when this phosphate group snaps off and discharges its energy. He took a small piece of rabbit's muscle and suspended it in a simple solution in the laboratory. Then he added a little purified adenosine triphosphate. Instantly, the piece of muscle contracted with the full force that it would have exerted in life; and subsequent analysis showed that in the process the phosphate end of the adenosine triphosphate had flown off. If the muscle, instead of being suspended in a test-tube in Szent-Gyorgyi's laboratory, had been in the leg of the monkey climbing the weightless rope hanging over the frictionless pulley, the monkey would have moved up the rope, the equilibrium would have been upset, and a problem of biology converted into dynamics!

Far from Magic

The sight of a seemingly dead muscle in a test tube suddenly twitching into life on the addition of a pinch of powder might seem like sorcery to a spectator educated in medieval literature. Yet the laborious reasoning leading up to the prosaically named adenosine triphosphate is far from magic. This substance is, as the physicists put it, in a state of molecular excitation. The biological pistol is cocked, as it were. The same thing exists in nuclear physics when the components of an atomic bomb are brought together. Then the previously inert atomic fuel also attains a state of excitation and the bomb becomes 'critical'.

I hope I have already said enough to convince you that adenosine triphosphate, although not commonly a topic of conversation, is worthy of attention, even outside scientific circles. It will be no surprise, therefore, if I now explain that if you make a decoction of fireflies' tails and add adenosine triphosphate to it, the solution lights up. What happens is that adenosine triphosphate, the general purpose biological energy provider, lets go its pulse of energy, a special molecule, luciferase, becomes momentarily excited, and in its turn lets go a quantum of energy. But this time the energy is finally released not as a moving muscle but as light.

See how practical and far from sorcery the firefly business is. To start with, the more adenosine triphosphate you add to a firefly extract the more light you get. Fireflies, therefore, can be used as an analytical reagent to measure how much adenosine triphosphate is present in any particular system. But there is a bigger prize than this to win. Luciferase is not especially uncommon in biology. There are forty-one orders of living creatures that possess the ability to emit light. Newton Harvey has hazarded the opinion that luciferase, besides playing its special role of giving out light for fireflies, also takes part in the routine business of living cells as well. It is not accidental that adenosine triphosphate, which works muscle, also lights fireflies' lanterns. But besides snapping out the quantum of energy that makes the firefly shine, adenosine triphosphate also snaps in the light energy of the sun trapped by the great green molecule of chlorophyll in leaves, and hence winds up carbon dioxide from the air into the sugars upon which all animals and we ourselves depend for food.

The fireflies from Mona, Jamaica, are not only wanted to illuminate the physics of moving muscles and the spark of life. There is the parallel problem of understanding how light can be geared in to give us back the fuel we have burned up and breathed out. The new physical knowledge has already brought in sight power stations run on sea water. Applied to biology, the same diligent work of the scientific apprentices makes food from air a possible achievement as well. But this is not sorcery: it is hard thinking.—*Third Programme*

How to Handle 'Cats'

THERE WAS ONCE a famous French painter who always took care to stroke dogs with his left hand—just in case. I was talking about this the other night with my friend Larsen, and Larsen told me that he had always had a passion for circus animals, particularly for the big cats, the lions, the tigers. As a foreign correspondent he had found time in various parts of the world to visit circuses and talk to many lion-tamers.

'The finest tamer I ever met', he said enthusiastically, 'was a man called Carl Kripps. Carl loved his animals and they liked him, but they had mauled him so severely, so devotedly, so often, that soon, he felt, he would have to give up. The trouble, Carl explained, was this, that if a lion or tiger extends its claws accidentally or in playfulness, it is impossible for it to draw in its claws again without first clawing whatever it touches. And Carl apparently was the lion's favourite touchstone: he was always up to scratch.

'One day', said my friend, 'travelling in England, I came across Carl, broken-down, out-of-work, poor as a church mouse. He was living in a caravan with his last remaining lion which was slowly starving to death on a kindly diet of bones contributed by local butchers. Do you know', said my friend Larsen, 'I kept that lion in food for six months. Cost a packet, but it was worth it for the pleasure it gave Carl. Then the day came when my newspaper sent me to South America to cover a war, I was saying my goodbyes at Waterloo, the train was just about to pull out, when suddenly a wild figure came flying up the platform. It was Carl Kripps. "Mr. Larsen, Mr. Larsen", he said, "you go to America. You meet important people. I give you this". And he handed me', said Larsen, 'the tall hat and frock coat he had always worn for his circus-act. They were green with age, but how could I refuse them? Yet there was more to come.

"Mr. Larsen", said Carl, "you go to the jungle, to the Matto Grosso. You meet jaguar. If jaguar attack you cannot escape. What do you do? I tell you. Give him something. What do you give him? I tell you. Give him left arm. Then, Mr. Larsen, you draw knife with right hand and kill him. Jaguar's claws too wide, anyway. Nineteen times out of twenty he only scrape the arm. But I tell you, if jaguar attack you cannot escape. Always give him left arm."

That, I believe, is an exceedingly profound piece of advice, a philosophy for meeting most emergencies in life. Be prepared to give up something. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. But please let it be the left forearm.

W. R. RODGERS

—*Today* (Home Service)

Man's Knowledge of Man

Man the Social Animal

By MAX GLUCKMAN

THE other scientists in this series have been speaking about man as a member of the zoological kingdom, and man as an individual. My own task, as a social anthropologist, is to say something about how man lived in society with other men under different cultural conditions.

We have, of course, to take account of what man is like as an animal and as an individual, but we do not look at the inside details of these problems. It is enough for us to know that men have certain bodily and emotional needs, just as we have to know that they depend on particular supplies of rain, soil, vegetation, without studying these. One reason we can afford to take as given the nature of man's body and mind is that, so far, an immense amount of work by biologists and psychologists has failed to prove that there is any great biological difference between the so-called races of man. Psychologists have indeed shown that different groups of men answer certain intelligence tests, for example, with different degrees of skill, but they have not been able to produce a test which eliminates the effects of culture, education, wealth varying with economic status, and so forth. Tests prepared by middle-class psychologists are answered best by middle-class people; tests devised by townsmen put countrymen at a disadvantage; tests devised by Westerners put Asians and Africans at a disadvantage. It is difficult to prove a negative, especially a sweeping negative, such as that there is no difference in innate intelligence between different sorts of people, but we are at least able to say that any such differences are insignificant in comparison with historical and other factors in explaining the varied technological development of peoples; hence we can treat biological differences as marginal to our work.

Greatest Problem of the Anthropologist

When I was working in Rhodesia, white miners sometimes set out to prove the inferiority of Africans by saying that they did not even invent the wheel, as if the miner himself or at least his father had invented the wheel. As it happens, the wheel is a bad example for white men to take in order to demonstrate their intellectual superiority, since it was invented by dark-skinned people in Asia Minor. We say that Africans in South and Central Africa, who were isolated in their cul-de-sac, were cut off from the movements of culture going on round the Mediterranean and in Asia, and hence they did not develop their technology, because they were cut off from the mixture of people and civilizations. For it is the mixture of cultures which spurs advances, and the greatest problem of our science is not why advanced techniques developed in Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, and so on, but how they should suddenly flower among the Mayas and Incas of the Americas. Thus, to study society, we take the men of all societies as starting equal; an African brought up in England would be an Englishman, an Englishman reared in Africa would be an Englishman.

The cultural upbringing of peoples does have an effect on their ways of thinking, though we find a general kind of rational logic everywhere, and this upbringing does affect their emotional reactions. A townsman walking through a busy street, noisy with traffic, was once speaking admiringly to a hunter from the wilds about the hunter's keen eyesight and hearing. The hunter dropped a coin on the pavement; at its clink on the stones all the townsmen round turned to look. Thus the hunter showed that different situations breed different kinds of sharpness. The differences achieved in men due to their upbringing in particular cultures go much deeper than that, but this one tale may stand for a whole range of problems while I go on to my own speciality, which is the study of relationships between men in society.

In 1942 I was working as an anthropologist in Barotseland, in Northern Rhodesia. In that year I made a long journey by horse and on foot across country from the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi towards the Barotse capital. At one river we came to a district

headquarters and court. The councillor in charge and I became good friends, and I decided to rest there and spend some time with him. This poor man had a nasty tropical ulcer on his face, and when he was listening to someone else speak, he kept tapping his ulcer, and muttering: 'It's the government, it's the government, it's the government . . .'. He meant that he had got this painful ulcer by serving the government, because witches who envied him his official position, or resented the authority he exercised over them, had thus afflicted him with an ulcer out of envy, anger, and malice.

Belief in Witchcraft

Let me say briefly that we have studied witchcraft, and shown that these beliefs aim at explaining why misfortunes happen to individuals, not how the misfortunes happen: as in the West people may ascribe their misfortunes to God, or other Africans ascribe them to gods or ancestral spirits, or people who do not believe in these sorts of causes of misfortunes say they are due to chance. The belief that witches cause misfortunes occurs in many small-scale societies dominated by face-to-face relations, and in Europe it officially disappeared only with the industrial revolution. Given the belief, the Barotse reason about witchcraft and magic much as we do. So when one of my paddlers begged me for a claw from a crocodile I had shot, he told me that he would put it on his canoe, so that would-be thieves would fear to take the canoe lest a crocodile seize them. I asked him whether people really feared these claws, and he replied: 'Honest men will fear them'. An Englishman might have said 'Honest men fear burglar alarms'.

So in Central Africa I found a junior officer of the government who thought he suffered illness because of his work for the government. More than this, I found that these beliefs were stronger and more intense about men in similar positions throughout the tribes of Central Africa. It applied particularly to the village headman. They were always terrified of falling ill from the witchcraft of their fellows, whom they believed to covet their positions, and their fellows believed that the headman had used witchcraft to eliminate rivals in order to get the headmanship. Allowing for the fact that here, at this stage of African economic development, as in European history, there were beliefs in witchcraft, it seemed to me that I had struck a problem of importance to all societies.

This conviction was strengthened when I examined ceremonies in which headmen were installed. A marked feature of these ceremonies was that the new headman and his wife had to sit still and silent in the middle of the villagers, while these on the one hand gave them gifts of money, and on the other hand insulted them by telling them that they were bad-tempered, evil-hearted, greedy, not hospitable, and so forth, and that they were sure to spoil the village. In one tribe, just before the headman was installed, he was struck on the head and knocked out, said to be dead, and then said to be reborn, cleansed of his viciousness. These ceremonies show clearly that two strains enter strongly into the relations of the headman with the villagers. On the one hand, the villagers acknowledge his leadership and accept his authority; on the other hand, he is held to be a bad leader, likely to ruin the village because of his vices.

The Headman

I decided that underlying this surface double feeling was a real strain involved in the headman's position. First, he is the man at the bottom of the state hierarchy, who most directly represents the state to his subordinates. He should see that they obey all the state's orders, carry out regulations, conform to the law, and indeed he should report them for any misdemeanour. There is plenty of evidence to show that people everywhere resent all

authority, and it looked as if this resentment would be sharpest in the case of the bottom-most officer of the state. For, secondly, other officers of the state are all to some extent removed from the ordinary people and their daily lives. This obviously applies strongly to the chief, and it is true also of senior councillors. They are approached with respectful ceremonial which separates them from the people they rule. But the headman is living among, working with, and playing with, on more or less equal terms, his fellow-villagers. I decided that because he both represented the state to his followers and yet was one with his followers, there was bound to be strong conflict about him and his position. He took the main strain of representing the state to his villagers, and at the same time his villagers to the state. This would explain why these beliefs in witchcraft clustered about the headmanship, and why headmen indeed might be more liable to fall ill, since we know that emotional strain can produce certain kinds of disease—though not, of course, a tropical ulcer.

I realized then that I had struck a similar problem when I studied the Zulu, who live under the rule of the Union of South Africa. Their chiefs were junior officials under the District Commissioner in the Union Government hierarchy. They were expected to carry out the orders of the government and see that its wishes were realized. But the people were highly suspicious of that government and hostile to it; and they expected their chiefs to oppose the government and stand up for the people against government. This put the chiefs in a difficult position, to which there was no solution. I remember when the government tried to introduce fencing of pastures, to which people, who for good reasons wanted common pastures, were opposed. Most chiefs opposed this fencing. They were approved by their people but condemned by white officials as reactionary conservatives, unable to see what was good for the tribe. One chief was intellectually convinced that fencing would conserve the pastures, and he agreed to accept fences. The white officials approved of him as go-ahead

and progressive, but his people thought he had betrayed them.

Here again was the bottom official in the hierarchy of government, for in contrast with white officials, the chief, though treated with great respect by his people, did move among them, did visit them, did have them into his house. They could marry his kin, and he would marry their women. He shared common values with them, and a tradition of which they were proud, while the white officials were cut off from them by all the strength of the South African colour bar. Most of them had the tribes' interests personally at heart when I was there in 1936. In this case the government hierarchy was that set up by the South African whites, and the full strain was taken by their lowest officer, the chief, who was also the highest officer in the tribal system. We found the same position in Central Africa, and there the crisis of federation swung the chiefs into open opposition to the government.

The problem of the strain caused by the conflicting loyalties which centre on the bottom-most official in any hierarchy is thrown up in every society, and it is the general problem which interests the social anthropologist. We find it in the case of foremen in factories. They belong to the working-class, they depend for social life on their fellow workers, but as foremen they are officers of the management. There is some evidence to show that, like village headmen, they may have a higher rate of illness, though so far it has proved difficult to work this out.

Finally, when I was teaching my students about this problem, one of them interjected: 'Why, it's just like being a school prefect!'; and indeed it is. For the school prefect is still a school child, living mainly with school fellows, even while he or she becomes part of the teachers' system of authority. I have taken one illustration from the whole world of social relations to show that in studying one society we are studying all societies, for there are laws which affect the behaviour of all men. These laws vary in their application, but I could similarly trace other examples through all the continents.—*General Overseas Service*

The Battle of the Two Harolds

By ALBERT MAKINSON

AS the modern holiday-maker motors along the main road from York to Bridlington, he is likely to be brought up with a halt at the little village of Stamford Bridge, seven or eight miles from York. The halt may be caused by an interest in the site of the battle of Stamford Bridge; but it is more likely to be due to the fact that the present bridge is too narrow for two lines of traffic, and so traffic lights at each end hold up one stream or the other continually.

There could hardly be a more ironically appropriate setting for such a bridge. When one first sees the signpost pointing to the village, at the point where the road to Beverley and Hull leaves the Bridlington road, the name is unexpected—familiar, but somehow out of place. Stamford Bridge is an almost forgotten battle, and the village seems rather shy about pressing its claims to fame. True, there is a memorial to commemorate the battle, but though it is on a prominent site in the centre of the village it is so small that it could easily be overlooked. The inscription states simply, in both English and Norwegian, that the battle of Stamford Bridge 'was fought in this neighbourhood on September 25, 1066' and although 'in this neighbourhood' is characteristically vague, it is as accurate as it is possible to be with any certainty.

This battle, however, has not been so much forgotten as overshadowed. Every schoolboy does know of one battle that took place in 1066, only nineteen days after that at Stamford Bridge; but most people are rather hazy about the events of 1066 apart from the battle of Hastings. Hastings, they think, is so much more 'memorable' that one tends to overlook this earlier battle, although it was just as decisive and was, after all, an English victory. Indeed, if Stamford Bridge had not needed to be fought, Hastings might well have been won by the English,

who would not have been exhausted by the earlier battle and the long march south to meet the Normans.

The commanders in the battle of Stamford Bridge were both kings and were both called Harold: Harold Godwinson of England, and Harold Sigurdson, or Hardrada, of Norway. Harold Godwinson had succeeded to the throne of King Edward the Confessor on January 5, the same year. He had no hereditary right to the throne; his best claim was that of the opportunist, that he had managed to get it: that was why there were two full-scale invasions later in the year, by two foreign monarchs neither of whom had any more right to the throne than Harold Godwinson. Harold Hardrada was allied with Godwinson's rebel brother Tostig, who had been expelled from the earldom of Northumbria some time previously and was nursing a grievance against his more successful elder brother.

When the Norwegians landed, the English Harold was waiting in the south for the expected invasion by Duke William of Normandy. He seems for the moment to have relaxed his vigilance there, for many of his forces had been allowed to disperse to their homes. Harold had to reassemble his army, but before he could be in a position to meet the invaders, many things had happened. After a raid on Scarborough early in September, the combined forces of Hardrada of Norway and Tostig of Northumbria had sailed up the Humber and the Ouse towards York, disembarking at Riccall, some miles to the south of York. From there they had marched northwards and had been met by an English army raised by the two northern earls, Edwin and Morcar, grandsons of the more famous Lady Godiva. In the battle at Gate Fulford, just to the south of York, on September 20, Edwin and Morcar were defeated so thoroughly that the English North seems to have abandoned hope.

Today we may be shocked by the lack of patriotism that enabled the city of York, containing the remnants of the defeated English army, not only to consent to a peace with Hardraada but to agree to support the invaders in fighting against the southerner, Harold Godwinson. But in those days the position was not so clear-cut as it is now: the men of York were part of the Danelaw, more Danish in ancestry than English, and to them the Norwegian Hardraada was just as acceptable as the southern Englishman Harold Godwinson, whose accession to the throne was much resented in parts of the Midlands and the North.

King Harold Godwinson, however, was a most active and interesting man. On hearing of the invasion he at once assembled his forces, hurried northwards, and arrived in Yorkshire on September 24, only four days after the battle of Fulford and the day on which York surrendered: it was a Sunday. He arrived with such speed that the Norwegians at Riccall and at York were unaware of his presence at Tadcaster, only nine miles away to the west. Hardraada had arranged a parley with the local magnates for Monday, at a point where four Roman roads met: that is, at Stamford Bridge. The reason for this choice is not clear. Hardraada was to receive the submission of the Yorkshire magnates, and Stamford Bridge, at the junction of four Roman roads, was convenient for them. But Hardraada was a conqueror, and in the light of subsequent events he could scarcely have agreed to a place less convenient for himself. One rather wonders, indeed, whether some inkling of the English King's arrival at Tadcaster may not have reached the men of Yorkshire, who then persuaded Hardraada to agree to a meeting place so advantageous for the English Harold.

Certainly, even on the Monday, the Norwegians still had no idea of how near the English King was. They left Riccall for Stamford Bridge in some force. Snorre Sturlasson, in one of his sagas, has left us some picturesque details of the preparations and the ensuing battle:

The weather was uncommonly fine, and it was hot sunshine. The men therefore laid aside their armour, and went on the land, only with their shields, helmets and spears, and girt with swords; and many had also arrows and bows and all were very merry.

On Monday morning, September 25, when the Norwegians were making for their rendezvous, Harold Godwinson moved on York. The fickle inhabitants received him into the city and told him of the meeting at Stamford Bridge. They seem to have made no attempt to warn Hardraada, with whom they had only the day before agreed to combine against Godwinson, and this reinforces the impression that the submission to Hardraada was merely a ruse to gain time. Harold Godwinson decided on immediate attack, to gain the advantage of complete surprise. The Norwegians, however, saw the English approaching along the road from York:

The nearer this force came, the greater it appeared, and their shining arms were to the sight like glancing ice.

Hardraada decided on a retreat to the east bank of the river Derwent, putting the river between himself and the English, and there he set up his banner, 'Landrager'. Snorre goes on:

Now King Harold Sigurdson rode around his array, to see how every part was drawn up, but his black horse stumbled under him, so that the King fell off. He got up in haste, and said 'A fall is lucky for a traveller'.

The English King Harold said, 'Do you know the stout man who fell from his horse, with the blue kirtle and the beautiful helmet?'

'That is the King himself', said they.

'A great man', said the English King, 'and of stately appearance is he, but I think his luck has left him'.

Snorre gives us further details of Hardraada's appearance:

His coat of mail was called Emma, and it was so long that it reached almost to the middle of his leg, and so strong that no weapon ever pierced it.

Before fighting began there was a parley in which Harold made an attempt to win over his brother Tostig from his Norwegian alliance. He offered him the return of his former earldom of Northumbria. Tostig refused, but not without first asking the messenger what his brother would offer to Hardraada. The reply is famous:

'King Harold will give him seven feet of English ground, or as much more as he may be taller than other men'.

In order to gain time, the Norwegians left a contingent to hold the Stamford bridge and delay the English crossing. This gave rise to one of those memorable, epic occasions when one man displayed gallantry which can still capture the imagination after

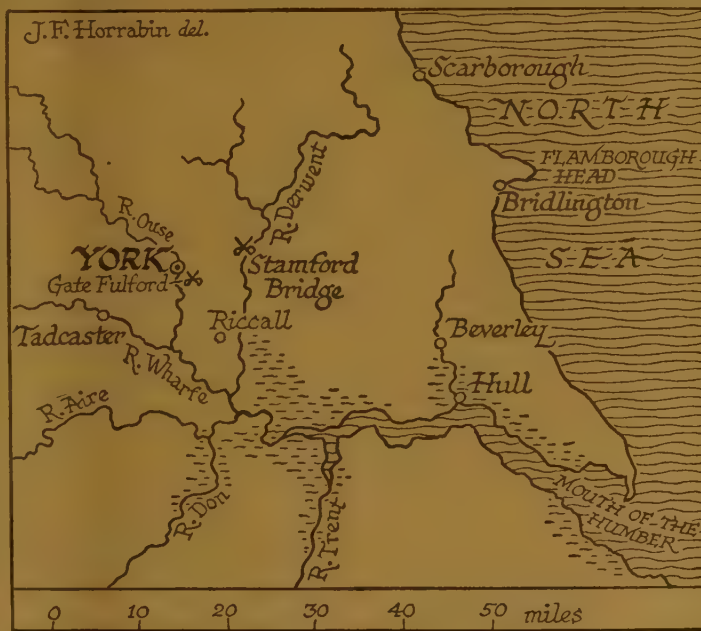
nearly nine centuries. The bridge to be defended was not the present one, but an earlier, wooden structure, some hundreds of yards up the river, to the north; it must have been narrower than the present bridge, because, for some time, it was held by only one man, a mighty Norwegian warrior, a Norse Horatius, whose story is told not in the Norse sagas but in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, a fitting tribute to a gallant enemy. His name, unfortunately, has not survived. Arrows failed to dislodge him. He was eventually overcome by the ingenuity of an English soldier who, taking a boat—tradition has it that it was a tub—sailed under the bridge and thrust his spear between the timbers of the bridge, 'and ran him through the corselet'. Until recent times

'spear pies' shaped like a boat, were eaten at a local festival round about the anniversary of the battle, and these may well have preserved a dim memory of the exploit of the man who dislodged the Norwegians' defender of the bridge.

When at last the bridge had fallen, the battle shifted to higher ground some way to the east of the village, a place still known as Battle Flats, and the fighting went on over a considerable area. The result was the destruction of the Norwegian force. Reinforcements from Riccall arrived too late to save the day. The English, in spite of their fatigue, had won. Hardraada was presumably granted his seven or more feet of English ground, for he was slain earlier in the battle, 'hit by an arrow in the windpipe'. Tostig continued as commander until he too was killed; but in spite of their commanders' deaths the Norwegians fought to the last man.

The remnant of the Norwegian army, left at Riccall under Olav, Hardraada's son, was allowed to return home only on promising never to invade England again. They never did. But nineteen days later, on another battlefield, England ceased to be the England they had invaded; so perhaps they had not much opportunity.

—North of England Home Service



The City of London and the Opposition to Government 1768-1774 is the title of the Creighton Lecture in History for 1958, which was delivered by Miss Lucy Sutherland, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford (Athlone Press, 5s.). *Portuguese Africa* by James Duffy, the first comprehensive work to appear in English on the history of Angola and Moçambique, has been published (Oxford, for Harvard University Press, 38s.). *Portuguese Colonization in the Sixteenth Century: a Study of the Royal Ordinances ('Regimentos')* is the title of a 116-page study published by the Witwatersrand University Press, Johannesburg (7s. 6d.).

Four Poems

The Clocks

At half past midday
All the clocks said, Who
Is this comes with unsteady
Heart here to woo?

We cannot cheat the clocks, love,
Or use that lying art,
For they know each wild foxglove
On the hillside of the heart.

They know the densewood singer
That heralds the eclipse;
They know the coming anger
And the knife between the lips.

Springtime by larknote,
Wintertime by cat:
Clock knows all by rote,
Ticker has it pat.

(Creamingly the blood flows
On the bedroom floor
While the family clock goes
On ticking as before.)

Much to be done, love,
And much to be undone
Before it be one, love,
Or you and I be one.

HILARY CORKE

Horace, Odes I, ix

See how Soracte piled with the drifted snow
Stands whitely gleaming, scarce can the labouring
Woods now sustain their load, while torrents'
Flow by the sharp bitter frost is fettered.
Drive out the cold: heap logs on the glowing hearth
With generous hand, now broach of your courtesy
That Sabine cask and draw the four year
Old mellow wine for us, Thaliarchus.
Leave all the rest to Heaven that can easily
Still mighty winds that war on the storm-riven
Deep, while unscathed the gentle cypress
Tranquilly sleeps by the ancient ash-trees.
Vex not your heart, my friend, with futurity,
What fortune brings each day do you reckon as
Pure gain, nor look with jaundiced eye on
Love's pleasures or the delights of dancing,
While hoary eld is still far away from you
With all its cares; the walk and the country sports,
The quiet talk with friends at sunset,
Each in its season awaits your bidding.
Sweet, too, that laugh that rings from the innermost
Nook where the girl feigns fear of discovery,
The pledge that's snatched from snowy arm or
Ravished from scarcely resisting finger.

Translated by V. DE S. PINTO

The Romantics

When the time comes
They will give up home,
Children, days of long
Memory, for one song

Conjured out of air,
Which draws from its lair
That most reclusive beast
Who answers to it least.

ALAN ROSS

The Suicide

She fled from fens where broken windmills squat,
Decayed like teeth, on damp, flat soils,
As one who runs in fear of fogs, in loneliness,
In the visited-sins of a hostile house.

Divorce, adultery were handed her with toys;
Like witches, rode her rocking-horse; became
The bone in the throat, the hate for fish;
Caused rickets of the heart.

She fled to a skyline cragged with towers
Of banks and offices that only pierced
A vicious ugliness through searching eyes;
Bounced back the awkward echo of her heart.

For sales of beauty she had no wares:
She never blossomed out of bone; her mousy eyes
Were misted by thick glass; her voice was cracked,
A choirboy's swansong, embarrassing and sad.

But, once, the landscape sweetened into dreams:
The baroque and dirty towers became
Another world of minarets, Romantic poetry in stone:
She heard some words of wanting; and she gave.

His gawky walk, his speech that spattered words like spit,
Played harmony with her heart's beat;
She swelled with music . . . one vast waltz
That lasted through a night of rain.

Confusing and incongruous, a sudden sun broke through,
And the towers threw exact shadows in the streets.
She drew down blinds and in expedient darkness sat,
A broken windmill on cold fens.

And she thought how too much giving nearly drowns;
How she, in perfect honesty, confused
Loving and the want of love; how sacrifice
Is suicide, and only Self and Death.

At length, her dark room menaced her; she eased
The blinds of mourning, letting in
A slanting ray that gestured with
The motions of settling dust.

And in that dust she saw the sun light up again
The rigmarole of going on.

MATTHEW SIMPSON

Do the Habeas Corpus Acts Need Revision?

By S. A. DE SMITH

ONE of the most substantial publications of the United Nations Organization is the *Yearbook on Human Rights*. It records in detail the progress made towards the fulfilment of the principles set out in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Much of the information recorded is supplied by governments. A few years ago the United Kingdom Government found that it was unable to report any legislative measure that had a direct bearing on the furtherance of human rights. And so it submitted as its contribution to the *Yearbook* a learned article on the history of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

Remedy for the Citizen

This was far from being a perverse demonstration of insularity. For in England and, indeed, in all the common-law countries, *habeas corpus* has long been regarded as one of the principal safeguards of individual freedom. In matters affecting the liberty of the subject, English lawyers have always concentrated on effective judicial remedies against illegal action rather than on general affirmations of individual rights; and the greatest of those remedies is the writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*. It is a writ issued out of the High Court and addressed to the custodian of a person detained, calling upon him to have the body of the prisoner before the court, together with the cause of his detention, so that the court can determine what is to be done. If the detention is shown to be lawful the prisoner is remanded; if it is not shown to be lawful the court will direct the prisoner's immediate release. And the Habeas Corpus Act, 1679, imposes heavy penalties not only on persons who try to evade compliance with the writ but also on judges who wrongfully refuse to issue it. These penalties have not had to be imposed in modern times, but their existence undoubtedly helped to make *habeas corpus* a genuinely effective remedy for the citizen.

Nowadays the procedure for obtaining the writ is simple and expeditious. Anyone who claims that he is unlawfully detained, or any person acting with his authority or (if he is unable to communicate his instructions) acting on his behalf, may make an application to the High Court, setting out the nature of the restraint imposed on him. In term time the application is made either to a Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division (consisting of two or more judges) or to a single judge, and it takes precedence over all other business on that day. In vacation it is made to a single judge. If the restraint is manifestly unlawful, or if the matter is of great urgency, the court may issue the writ forthwith; but as a rule the court directs that notice shall first be served on the custodians of the prisoner. On the day fixed for the adjourned hearing, legal argument takes place; the respondent may seek to show that the applicant is lawfully detained under an extradition order, or as a mental defective, or as one who has been validly sentenced to imprisonment by a court of competent jurisdiction, as the case may be. Where the court decides to allow the application it does not in fact usually require the body of the prisoner to be produced before it; it orders his immediate release, and when the writ is subsequently addressed to his former custodian the latter merely certifies the fact of release. And so, somewhat incongruously, the whole proceeding is effectively terminated before the writ is issued.

Common Law and the Liberty of the Subject

If the application is allowed and the court directs the prisoner's release, the former custodian has no right of appeal. This illustrates the pervasive tendency of the common law to lean in favour of the liberty of the subject. One would expect that an unsuccessful applicant for *habeas corpus* would always have the right to appeal against the dismissal of his application. Under the present law, however, the right of appeal is restricted to a

particular class of case. This anomalous and unsatisfactory state of affairs was recently brought to general notice as a result of the remarkable group of cases that will be associated with the name of Edward Thomas Hastings.

In July 1957 Hastings was convicted at Liverpool Crown Court on each of five counts of an indictment alleging various frauds, and was sentenced to four years' corrective training. The record of the conviction did not state that concurrent sentences had been passed on each count. Hastings appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal, which quashed his conviction on one count only and left his sentence unaltered. Hastings then applied to a Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division for a writ of *habeas corpus* on the grounds that since only one sentence had been passed on him and since the conviction on one count had been quashed, there was no longer any lawful sentence upon him in existence and he was therefore unlawfully detained. The Divisional Court took the view that the Recorder in the Crown Court had clearly intended the sentence to be concurrent on each count, so that the quashing of the conviction on one count was immaterial, and it dismissed the application¹.

Hastings then appealed to the Court of Appeal against the dismissal of his application. But the Court of Appeal held that it had no jurisdiction to entertain the appeal, because the appeal was in respect of a criminal cause or matter and its jurisdiction was limited to civil causes or matters. Hastings could not have gone to the Court of Criminal Appeal either, because that court has no statutory jurisdiction to entertain appeals from decisions of the High Court even in respect of criminal causes or matters.

Renewed Application on the Same Grounds

Nevertheless, the applicant's resources were not yet at an end. In October 1958 he began round two by making a fresh application for *habeas corpus* on exactly the same grounds to a Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division consisting of three different judges². To anyone with a smattering of legal knowledge this might well have seemed an utterly hopeless expedient, for the general rule is that once a superior court has given its decision on a matter that matter is finally disposed of, unless statutory provision has been made for an appeal. But there was a good deal of persuasive authority for the proposition that this general rule did not extend to applications for *habeas corpus*. In 1928, in *Eshugbayi Eleko's case*³, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had held that an unsuccessful applicant was entitled to renew his application before each superior judge in turn; and there had been *obiter dicta* in the House of Lords and the Court of Appeal to the same effect. If, then, this view of the law was correct, was not Hastings entitled to go from one Divisional Court of three judges to another Divisional Court of three different judges?

In order to answer this question the Divisional Court had to delve into the history of *habeas corpus*. It found that the position before the Judicature Act, 1873, was that in term time an unsuccessful applicant could go from one superior court to another, and that in vacation he could probably go from judge to judge. In term time each of the three common-law courts used to sit *in banc*—that is to say, with all the judges of a court sitting as one bench—so that there would be no question of going from judge to judge of the same court. And where an applicant had attempted to renew his application before the same court sitting *in banc*, the court had exercised its inherent discretion not to allow the same question to be argued again before it.

How had the situation been affected by the Judicature Act? That Act, as modified by an Order in Council of 1880, had abolished the old superior courts which had original jurisdiction to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and had replaced them by the High Court, of which the Queen's Bench Division was the

¹[1958] 1 W.L.R. 372. ²*Re Hastings* (No. 2) [1959] 1 Q.B. 358. ³[1928] A.C. 459.

successor to the three courts of common law. A decision of a Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench Division was equivalent to a decision of all the judges of the Division, just as a decision of one of the old common-law courts sitting *in banc* was the decision of the whole court. A Divisional Court would accordingly refuse to entertain an application that had already been heard and dismissed by a Divisional Court of the same Division.

The court in this case was not obliged to express any firm opinion on the alleged right of the applicant to go from judge to judge, as distinct from court to court, in term time (though it found nothing to show that such a right had ever existed), and it also left open the possibility that he might still be entitled to renew his application before a Divisional Court of another Division. Hastings thereupon elected to fight a further engagement, this time in the Chancery Division. For round three, a Divisional Court of that Division was convened, consisting of Vaisey and Harman JJ. The Solicitor-General, appearing for the Crown to oppose the application, took the preliminary objection that the Divisional Court had no statutory jurisdiction. Harman J. accordingly withdrew; Vaisey J. exercised his undoubted power to refer the application to a Divisional Court; and Harman J. immediately resumed his seat on the bench. The court, having heard the submissions of counsel, dismissed the application on the ground that the decision of the Queen's Bench Divisional Court in the first *Hastings* case was equivalent to the decision not merely of all the judges of that Division but of all the judges of the High Court; the three Divisions of the High Court were not separate courts but Divisions of one court. Harman J. went on to express the opinion that an applicant for *habeas corpus* had never had any right to renew his application before individual judges in term time⁴. This was not the end of the matter, for Hastings appealed to the Court of Appeal from the decision of the Chancery Divisional Court; but the Court of Appeal again declined jurisdiction on the ground that the appeal was in respect of a criminal cause or matter⁵.

An Ancient Right Now Worthless

The result of this series of defeats for the applicant seems to be as follows. The ancient right to renew an application for *habeas corpus* before each of the superior courts in turn has now become worthless. Since the Judicature Act, 1873, there has been only one superior court, the High Court of Justice, with original jurisdiction, and the decision of a Divisional Court of any Division is equivalent to the decision of all the judges of the High Court. It is admittedly possible for an application to be made, even in term time, before a single judge, but the application is likely to be referred to a Divisional Court. Even if it is not so referred, an unsuccessful applicant in term time can no longer feel any confidence that he will be able to establish a right to renew his application before any other judge. In short, one of the effects of the fusion of the old courts of law and equity into one Supreme Court has been to take away the right of the subject to make repeated applications for *habeas corpus*. That this result was probably unintended is immaterial.

Some commentators have regretted the outcome of the *Hastings* cases and have suggested that the law should be amended to establish (or re-establish) the right to make a succession of applications for *habeas corpus* in term time. With all respect, this suggestion seems to be misconceived. There is no reason whatsoever why anyone should be permitted to go from one Division to another or from one judge to another in the hope of ultimately obtaining a favourable decision. The proper remedy, surely, is to give a right of appeal in all cases. The real defect in the law that was exposed (not for the first time) by the *Hastings* cases was the absence of any provision for appeals from decisions of the High Court in criminal causes or matters. This defect is a serious one, for the term 'criminal cause or matter' has been widely construed. For example, an application for *habeas corpus* to impugn the validity of an extradition order is an application in respect of a criminal cause or matter, and if it is dismissed the detainee has no appeal. In the second *Hastings* case Lord Parker C.J., speaking for the court, reiterated a view earlier expressed by Lord Goddard that an appeal ought to lie in such cases to the House of Lords⁶. Representative organiza-

tions of lawyers also pressed the case for a right of appeal, and questions were asked in Parliament.

Eventually, on July 30 of this year, the Home Secretary announced the Government's intention to introduce legislation in the next session of Parliament to provide a right of appeal from the Divisional Court to the House of Lords in any criminal cause or matter. An appeal would lie only where the point of law involved was one of general public importance which merited consideration by the highest tribunal.

Two Matters for Consideration

Mr. Butler's statement was welcomed by the Opposition, and it is reasonably certain that these good intentions will be implemented in the near future. However, it is to be hoped that when new legislation is prepared careful consideration will be given to two points. In the first place, there are strong grounds for contending that in all *habeas corpus* cases appeals should lie initially to the Court of Appeal. For various reasons an appeal is likely to be heard more expeditiously by that court than by the House of Lords, and in matters touching the liberty of the subject speed is of paramount importance. Secondly, it would be most unfortunate if irksome restrictions were to be placed on the right of appeal. It may well be desirable to limit the right of appeal from the Divisional Court in certain classes of criminal cases—for instance, decisions given on appeal by way of case stated from magistrates' courts—but it would be regrettable if similar limitations were to be imposed on the right of appeal in *habeas corpus* applications. At present an appeal lies from the Divisional Court to the Court of Appeal as of right against the refusal of an application for *habeas corpus* in a civil cause or matter, and it is impossible to see why an appeal against the refusal of an application for *habeas corpus* in a criminal cause or matter should be regulated by a different principle.

Welcome though such a right of appeal will be, reform of the law relating to *habeas corpus* ought not to stop short at this point. Some of the statutes governing *habeas corpus* are several centuries old, and the last Act of Parliament that was directly concerned with *habeas corpus* was passed in 1862; legislators have been understandably reluctant to intrude upon this almost sacrosanct domain. Points of obscurity have not been clarified, and some of the older statutes have ceased to be relevant to modern conditions. Consequently it is often difficult to be sure whether the writ will issue in a given set of circumstances at the present day. The important question whether the writ will issue from the High Court in respect of detention in a British protectorate has still to be finally resolved⁷. Another awkward problem, which was recently exposed, but left unanswered, concerns the practical application of the Habeas Corpus Act, 1679, in so far as that Act purports to secure a right to speedy trial for a person accused of felony by entitling him to discharge on *habeas corpus* if his trial is too long delayed. It is by no means clear how the machinery provided by the Act could be effectively operated at the present day⁸.

An Overdue Revision

In a branch of the law that vitally touches the liberty of the subject it is most unsatisfactory that doubts, anomalies, and obscurity should prevail. One is left with the impression that a thorough revision of the Habeas Corpus Acts is long overdue. Eulogies are not enough; nor are isolated reforms. What is needed is a general reappraisal, both of the old statute law and of the common-law rules, to ensure that *habeas corpus* affords an efficient and satisfactory remedy under modern conditions. This is surely not too much to ask of England, the birthplace of *habeas corpus*.—*Third Programme*

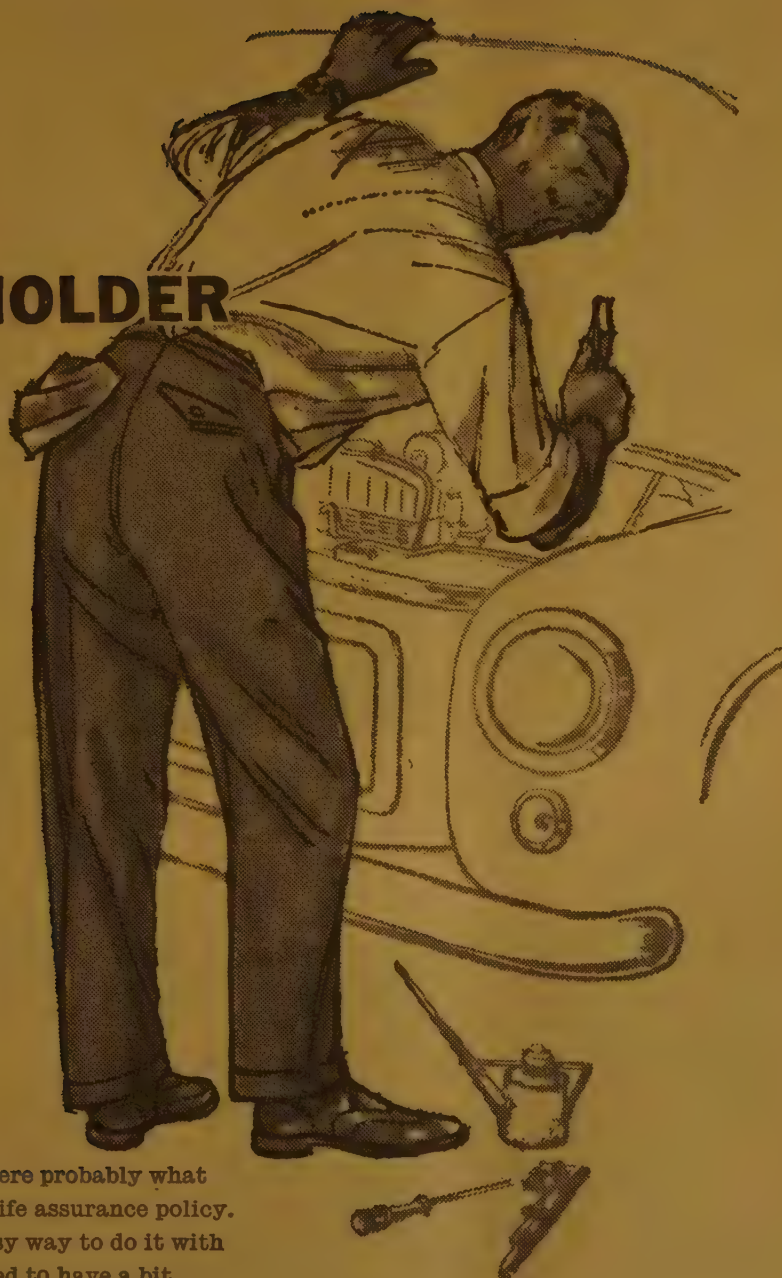
Michael Stewart, whose name was mentioned as a possible Minister of Education had Labour been returned to power, shows what he can do as an educationist in an excellent text-book entitled *Modern Forms of Government* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.). It is a survey, country by country, of constitutions and methods of government seen as part of the country's political life. Mr. Stewart's previous textbook on *The British Approach to Politics* (18s.) written for the Association for Education in Citizenship has gone into nine impressions. This clearly written book should have an equal success.

⁴[1959] Ch. 368. ⁵[1959] 1 W.L.R. 807. ⁶[1959] 1 Q.B. at p. 378. ⁷On October 13, 1959, the Court of Appeal held (reversing a decision of the Divisional Court) that *habeas corpus* would issue to a protectorate. ⁸See *R. v. Campbell* [1959] 1 W.L.R. 646.

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

October 14—20

Wednesday, October 14

The Prime Minister announces his Cabinet changes

At the United Nations, the chief American delegate, Mr. Cabot Lodge, replies to Mr. Khrushchev's disarmament proposals

Thursday, October 15

A report published by the Advisory Council on Young Offenders approves the Government's proposal for keeping young people out of prison

The unofficial strike in Liverpool docks spreads to a third of the total labour force there

The Court of Criminal Appeal dismisses the appeal of Gunther Podola after a two-day hearing

The Nobel Prize for Medicine is awarded to two American doctors, Severo Ochoa and Arthur Kornberg, for work on cancer research

Friday, October 16

An attempt is made on the life of M. Mitterand, a former French Minister, by terrorists in Paris

The American Steelworkers' Union puts forward new proposals for ending the strike which has lasted three months

Saturday, October 17

The American State Department protests to Russia about the seizure, and subsequent expulsion from the country, of Mr. Russell Langelle, the chief United States security officer at their embassy in Moscow

Two members of the women's mountaineering expedition to the Himalayan peak of Cho Oyu lose their lives in a blizzard

The dockers on unofficial strike in Liverpool vote to return to work pending an inquiry into the dispute over 'dirty cargo'

Sunday, October 18

The Russians announce that their moon-rocket has sent a photograph back to earth of the hidden side of the Moon

The crew of a Turkish motor vessel, said by the Cyprus Government to have been carrying arms, is arrested after scuttling their boat off the island

Sir Evelyn Baring returns home after seven years as Governor of Kenya

Monday, October 19

Railway fares, and some bus and Underground fares, to be increased from November 1

President Eisenhower asks for a court injunction ordering the 500,000 steel strikers back to work

The limit on foreign travel allowance is abolished

Tuesday, October 20

Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, Conservative M.P. and former Solicitor-General, is chosen as Speaker Elect of the House of Commons

United Nations General Assembly begins its debate on Tibet



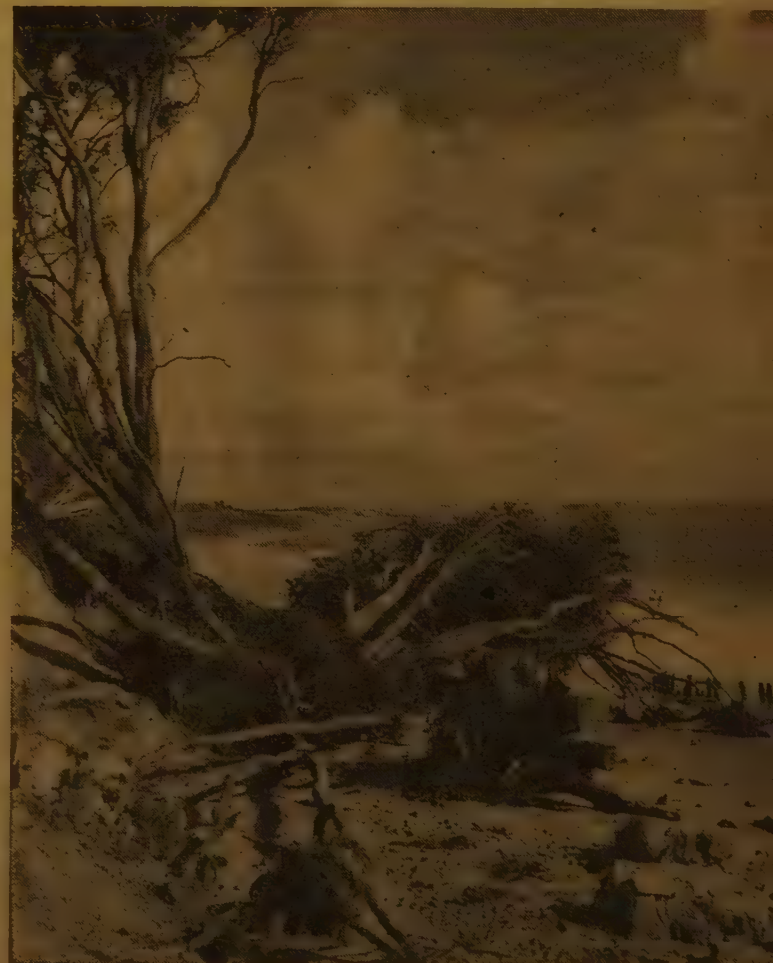
Princess Margaret arriving at the Hyde Park Hotel, London, on October 15 to attend a ball given by the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars to mark the bicentenary of the regiment of which Her Royal Highness is the Colonel-in-Chief



General George C. Marshall, the American soldier and statesman, who died on October 16, aged seventy-seven. As Chief of Staff he helped to create America's war-time army, and played a large part in determining strategy. After the war he went to China as President Truman's special representative. In 1947 he was appointed Secretary of State and it was while in that post (which he held for two years) that he originated the European Recovery Programme that bears his name. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953 (see also page 663)



Changing the guard at Buckingham Palace—inside the railings: a photograph taken last Saturday when the sentry's usual beat outside the railings was moved to the forecourt of the Palace. An announcement by the War Office about the decision to make this change in one of London's traditional ceremonies said that crowds of sightseers had been making it difficult for the sentry to patrol their beats in the proper manner.



Ilex trees on the cliffs at Steamer Point near Highcliffe, Hampshire, uprooted on to the beach by the gale which swept across southern England last Saturday night. Many roads were blocked by falling trees.



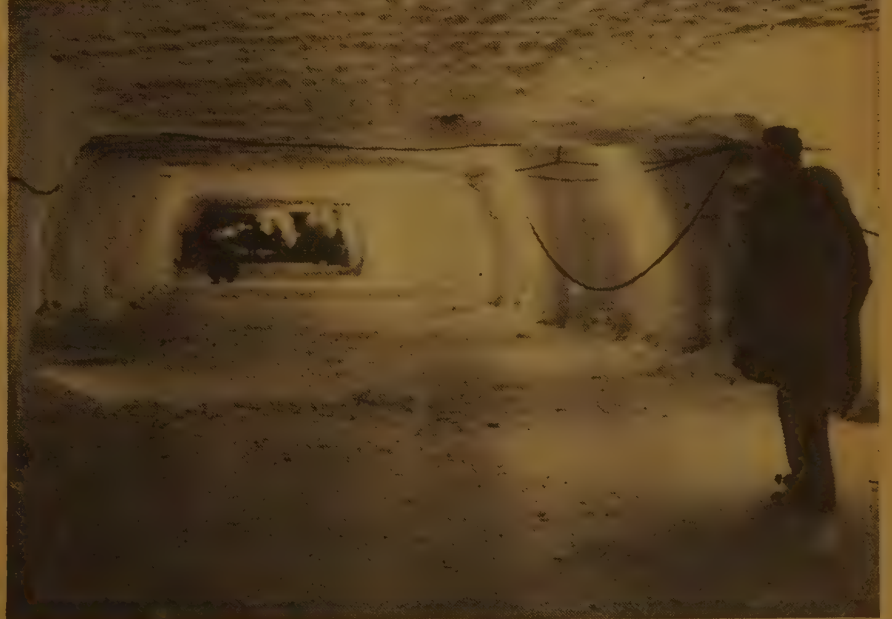
Sir Winston Churchill planting a tree at Cambridge last Saturday on the site of the college that is to bear his name. In a speech Sir Winston Churchill announced two new gifts to Churchill College: \$1,000,000 from the Ford Foundation, and £50,000 from the Transport and General Workers' Union in memory of Ernest Bevin



Left: A. Ashcroft about to score a try for England and Wales during the Rugby Union match at Twickenham played last Saturday to celebrate the ground's jubilee: they beat Scotland and Ireland by 26 points to 17



Olana Beriosova dancing the title part in John Cranko's new ballet *Antigone*, performed for the first time at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on October 19. Behind her is Donald MacLeary as Haemon



One of the tunnels (over 1,000 feet long) of an underground camp being built by the United States Army in Greenland to house scientists, who are carrying out polar research, all the year round

HELLENIC TRAVELLERS CLUB 1960 HELLENIC CRUISES

*Under the Patronage of the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge,
Glasgow, Aberdeen and Reading Universities.*

CRUISE No. 18 2nd April to 18th April, 1960
SARDINIA, SICILY, NORTH AFRICA, MALTA, GREECE & YUGOSLAVIA
Visiting SAVONA, CAGLIARI, NORA, PALERMO, MONREALE, SEGESTA, TUNIS, CARTHAGE, DOUGGA, AGRIGENTO, TRIPOLI, SABRATHA, LEPIS MAGNA, MALTA, SYRACUSE, OLYMPIA, DELPHI, OSIOS LOUKAS, CORFU, PALAEOKASTRITSA, DUBROVNIK, TORCELLO, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 19 16th April to 2nd May, 1960
GREECE, TURKEY & YUGOSLAVIA
Visiting VENICE, OLYMPIA, ATHENS, DAPHNI, ELEUSIS, SOUNION, DELOS, MYKONOS, CAPE HELLES, GALLIPOLI, TROY, THE BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, PERGAMUM, SELJUK, EPHEBUS, ANTALYA, PERGE, ASPENDOS, SIDE, RHODES, LINDOS, KNOSSOS, MALLIA, GORTYNA, PHAESTOS, PYLOS, DUBROVNIK, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 20 23rd August to 10th September, 1960
SICILY, GREECE, TURKEY & THE BLACK SEA
Visiting SAVONA, SYRACUSE, OLYMPIA, KNOSSOS, RHODES, LINDOS, SELJUK, EPHEBUS, CAPE HELLES, TROY, BURGAS, NESSEBER, VARNA, THE BOSPHORUS, ISTANBUL, PERGAMUM, DELOS, MYKONOS, ATHENS, DAPHNI, ELEUSIS, SOUNION, CORINTH, SICYON, PATRAS, TORCELLO, VENICE.

CRUISE No. 21 8th September to 26th September, 1960
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What is Christianity?

By the Rev. B. M. G. REARDON

AMONG even the more ambitious—I might say, adventurous—younger students of systematic theology, how many in this country are likely to have read Harnack? I should think, very few indeed. In that case they have left undone what they ought to have done. But I suppose they might recognize the question: What is Christianity? in the title of Harnack's *Das Wesen des Christentums*. Although the author died as long ago as 1930, his book has lately been republished, in its English dress, in two different editions. Harnack was a notorious liberal, and his particular individualist-ethical approach to the problem of deciding what Christianity 'essentially' is—which, I need hardly say, is no merely academic question—has long since ceased to be in fashion; for in theology as in other disciplines the fashions of yesterday are apt to be despised, and lucky to be remembered.

Message without Framework

Yet liberalism cannot simply be dismissed out of hand as 'reduced' Christianity, so misleading as to be false. Reacting against the aridly orthodox dogmatism of an earlier time, Harnack found the *Wesen*, the essential and abiding truth, of Christianity in what he believed to be the Gospel—namely, the actual message which Jesus himself proclaimed and of which the synoptists are our only reliable witnesses. But he had no use at all for the framework of Jewish apocalyptic in which that message is set. Jesus, he says, certainly announced the coming of the Kingdom of God, but we have to distinguish the ideas he shared with his contemporaries from those which were specifically his own. His own can be summed up in a sentence: 'The Kingdom of God comes by coming to the individual, by entering into his soul and laying hold of it'. The doctrinal and ecclesiastical Christianity of the Churches, catholic and protestant, is thus an irrelevancy or worse.

Liberalism made an obvious appeal. It was attractive to the earnest-minded who profoundly respected Christian 'values' but were incredulous and impatient about its dogmas. Jesus, it argued, was above all the teacher of an ethical 'way of life'; and to follow this way was truly to 'believe in him'. But liberalism achieved its relative strength only at the cost of simplifying historic Christianity so drastically as to expose it to grave weaknesses. It claimed to base its position on the critical study of the New Testament, even though at the time when Harnack's book was gaining world-wide celebrity it was already being pointed out that this same position was falsified by historical criticism itself.

The young Alsatian scholar, Albert Schweitzer, insisted that the apocalyptic element in primitive Christianity, the evidences of which in the New Testament are too patent to be disregarded, must be given its due weight and that, so far from being merely peripheral, it was in fact central and determinative. In Dr.

Schweitzer's view, early Christianity was geared to an intensely expectant eschatologism which renders it for us today, as it did for the Hellenistic Christianity that followed it, completely beyond recovery. Dr. Schweitzer's own doctrine amounts to little more than a vague if elevated spirituality, marked by a deeply sincere though somewhat romanticizing regard for the 'sanctity' of life. He offers no specific answer of his own to Harnack's leading question.

The early writings of Karl Barth appeared as a portent. Opposed to both liberalism and neo-Hegelianism, his aim was to restore a fully biblical theology, not identifiable with either humanitarian moralism or idealist metaphysics. Taking his stand on the cardinal principles of Reformation doctrine—justification by faith and the sole authority of scripture—his life-work has been the reconstruction of dogmatics, in which a renewed emphasis on the eschatological perspective and an acute Kierkegaardian sense of *krisis* or judgment are the most striking and influential features. Christianity, he would tell us, is the Word of God, manifested in human history and conveyed to us in the scriptures. Of further explanation, or accommodation to our twentieth-century perplexities, he would allow us little. Of course this is the 'pull' of Barthianism in an age for which the *ipse dixit* of authority has a singular charm. It is also its chief drawback for those like myself who think the presuppositions of liberalism still valid to a large degree. They do not feel that the intellectual problems, from which the issue of faith is inseparable where they are concerned, can be shelved in such a high-handed way.

'De-mythologizing' the New Testament

After Barth, Bultmann. In contrast, the work of this scholar is avowedly apologetic: if the age is to be converted to Christ it must clearly understand what conversion involves. To talk about the Word of God, or revelation, is meaningless unless it is done in the language of concrete human experience. The Christian dogmas are not just odd facts, but value-affirmations the significance of which is existential. Bultmann says that biblical Christianity is undisguisedly mythological; its categories are those of an epoch to which the scientific view of life was utterly unknown. To recover the existential relevance of the New Testament—the norm of historic Christianity—we must therefore 'de-mythologize' it. Once this is done the individual can, if he chooses, see for himself, in the context of his own life-situation, what faith implies. And what it implies is not belief in abnormal phenomena for which testimony is either lacking or dubious but simply 'newness of life' through letting go our trust in material things, which, for all that we prize them so much, are incapable of giving us that confidence and freedom, that joy and peace, in which 'salvation' consists.

I have chosen to glance briefly at these four thinkers—all of them Protestant and German-speaking—because I believe they represent the

most dynamic theological thought which this century has to show. Harnack posed the question directly, but the others, too, oblige us to confront it. And for each of them Christianity is a different thing. All are vividly aware of the experience of Christ; where they differ is in the interpretation of Christ, and of the experience which stems from him. Consequently, the response they make or imply to the question presents us with a number of alternatives between which, apparently, we have to choose. Is Christianity essentially—perhaps, for the modern mind, exclusively—a personal ethic? Or is it the religion of a sacred book, the contents of which, in all that is vital, out-top criticism? Is it a movement whose primary inspiration must now be discounted as an illusion, however noble, bred in ignorance of man's history and of the world he inhabits? Or is it a myth capable of so challenging a reinterpretation that without it our basic orientations, even today, must remain uninformed and inauthentic?

Sincerity—and Differing Opinions

I am not now concerned to decide between one and another of these options; but I want to ask how men of outstanding intelligence and sincerity, all of them Christians, can arrive at such diverse opinions in regard to the supreme object of their loyalties. Of course, Christians have differed before, and Christendom itself is divided. But all these four are moderns, awake to the implications of critical scholarship, and standing in the main tradition of Continental Protestantism. Clearly, the precise identity of Christianity cannot be once for all determined.

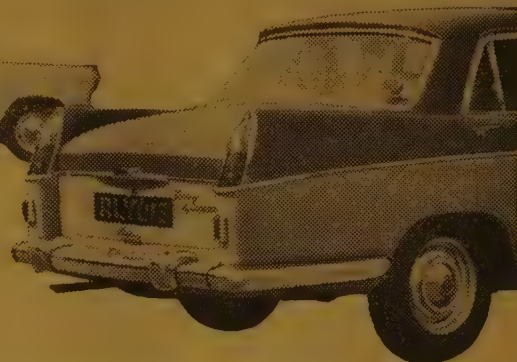
In recent oecumenical discussion we have heard a good deal of the term 'wholeness', applied to the Christian tradition. I am far from certain as to what it is intended to mean. Is it referring to some Golden Age of antiquity? But we do not find the wholeness of Christian truth fully realized even in the primitive Church. What, then, are we to conceive by the word?—which is only another way of putting our original question, and one that admits, apparently, of no agreed answer. But if, all the same, we do try to answer it, then we must examine not just some selected part only of Christian history but the course of its development as a whole; and this, it seems, is what none of the systematic theologians from Harnack to Bultmann has envisaged doing. For them the answer is wrapped up, as it were, in the New Testament—there entirely, or else, presumably, nowhere. Why should this be? Is it not as reasonable to consider whether there may be in Christianity some germinal principle which time alone will sufficiently disclose?

I admit that this was the type of approach favoured, in their day, by theologians of the Hegelian school. For them the *Wesen* consisted in an idea initially no more than immanent, but gradually elicited by the historic process of development of which it is itself the motive force. The idea, in other words, eventually reveals

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itself as the *ideal* of which the actual phases marking the empirical development are always imperfect, but progressive, embodiments. The Hegelians themselves usually identified the *Wesen* with *Versöhnung*, or reconciliation, the at-one-ment of God and man symbolized by the Incarnation.

Yet the fact is that historic Christianity is too complex a thing to be explained in terms of a single concept, however broad; for if we insist on the all-sufficiency of the principle itself we either have to disregard the greater part of the concrete detail with which Christianity has actually clothed itself, or else compel it, more or less arbitrarily, into the mould of a preconceived pattern. Thus it travesties the Christian attitude to Christ himself to portray the central Christian doctrine merely as a kind of allegorical fictionalizing of an abstract idea. Abstract ideas are never in themselves the motive power in history, and Christ, for the vast majority of Christians in all ages, is not just a logical premise but the living source of an experience which they feel is uniquely connected with him.

An Organic Growth

If the single-concept solution is wrong it is equally wrong to over-simplify the developmental process itself. The evolution which we can trace in Christian history is not an *a priori* progression, a simple unfolding of what was implicit or 'pre-formed' from the beginning. It is organic; and with all organic growth environment is of prime importance in determining it. On what lines, for example, would belief in Christ's supernatural status have developed if it had not at an early stage come up against Greek metaphysics? Doctrines do not develop in a vacuum by themselves, but only as they become part of human experience. It is the living religious consciousness, differing in its expression from one set of conditions to another, which stimulates and controls the development. There is continuous interaction between the tradition of faith and the pressure or stimulus of conditions—personal, ethical, or social.

Hence, then, I submit, our differing theologies, with their confusing interpretations of what Christianity 'essentially' is. Confusing—but it would be a complete failure of perception to regard them as a mere babel of conflicting doctrines and opinions. Even if we stick to the four theologians I have mentioned, the question is not simply whether Christianity is essentially

humanitarian or dogmatic, historical or existential, but whether it is not, at one and the same time, all of these things. The observer is tempted to say that the essence of Christianity is where you find it. For its history makes it clear beyond doubt that what vitalizes the doctrinal tradition is the intellectual or moral need of the moment; as when Luther, on re-reading St. Paul, discovered that 'a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law'.

This capacity which the Christian religion evidently has for adapting itself to new situations is why, historically speaking, it has survived. One must allow this not merely from the interested standpoint of the apologist but as a student of human culture. If the Christian standpoint were simply 'monolithic' and without the dialectical tensions which its inner diversity sets up, it would have had a brief span of life. In Newman's oracular words, 'To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often'. For instance, in its original form the eschatological *motif*, to which Dr. Schweitzer recalled attention, is wholly archaic today; but the Christian outlook is orientated always towards the trans-historical—though to say, in conceptual language, precisely what we mean by this is impossible; we must have recourse to myth. What we do know is that 'here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come'.

Again, Christianity is inherently ethical, yet, as Barth has brought home to us, without dogma the ethic loses its characteristic tone and emphasis. Again, Christianity is a historical faith, committed to a unique recognition of its past not merely as the vehicle of its message but in some sense its substance; yet, as Bultmann insists, its real historicity—its *Geschichtlichkeit*—is of a kind that the drag-net of the academic historian cannot hold. And, lastly, if our natural 'this worldliness' of outlook leads us to think too much of Christianity in terms of either an ecclesiastical institution or a social programme, Harnack and his fellow-liberals are there to remind us that 'Jesus never had anyone but the individual in mind, and the abiding disposition of the heart in love'.

I believe myself that it is only in the totality of its historic manifestations that Christianity can be understood, and that so long as it does survive, its *Wesen*, its nature, will continue to reveal new potentialities. The essence is therefore, paradoxically, the *whole*; not indeed—as I have said—at any given moment, but as revealed

in the still-unfinished process of its historic life. For what Christianity may be said to be depends on a series of value-judgments which it has itself been largely responsible for evoking. Christian experience is like the householder in the Gospel, who 'bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old'; and we shall be unwise to expect or desire a too-ready stereotyping of its doctrinal patterns. Definition may at times be necessary in the interest of faith itself, but the less we have of it the better; for theological formulae are apt to die on the lips. To adopt another Gospel metaphor, the new wine of fresh spiritual experience needs new bottles—the nature of which, we should add, cannot be specified in advance.

Worship, the Focal Point

Where doctrinal formularies fail, liturgy may be more successful. After all, Christianity is not only a philosophy of life or a code of morals, it is a religion; and it is as a religion that it makes its appeal to the ordinary man. Its focal point, therefore, is worship. The advantages which the liturgical tradition has over the purely doctrinal are, I suggest, stability and comprehensiveness. Forms of worship remain relatively fixed, and succeeding generations may use them without too great a sense of incongruity. Indeed, their unvarying character is their strength. But theology, by contrast, is in a perpetual state of flux. Admittedly, dogmas as such are fixed, too, but they mean little unless galvanized by a continuous theological commentary always changing with the times. Moreover, if the value of liturgy is that it does not change, that is because worship is comprehensive. Its language is the language not of logical exposition but of poetic allusion; and each of us may and does interpret it as he will. This is not to say that liturgies do not need revision; they certainly do. The alterations, however, should not, I think, too clearly reflect the shift of theological opinion. For liturgy, more than anything else, is expressive of Christianity as a *praxis*, a way of life. Development in theology is dialectical; which means that its statements at any given moment are partial—even though their authors do not usually consider them so. But the Christian experience transcends them all. That is why theology has a history. If liturgical development is slower and less multiform, it is because it responds to needs more common and more permanent.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

Problems of a British Composer

Sir,—Though the most moderate of musical amateurs, I should nevertheless like to question the basic assumption underlying Mr. Maxwell Davies's talk on the 'Problems of a British Composer Today' (THE LISTENER, October 8). The lessons of Schönberg and Berg, of Bartók and Stravinsky, he implies, have irrevocably established the death of tonality. They have illustrated its uselessness for any modern composer who wishes to emerge from the sluggish conservatism that debilitates British music. But is this the only conclusion we may draw from an understanding of these great masters? Were

they not all involved in the effort to free themselves from what had come to be the restrictive practices of nineteenth-century Romanticism? And must we conclude that their rhythmic and harmonic innovations are now to be regarded as uncontested musical advances, that any historical 'development' is, in fact, a simple, linear matter? Indeed, even when we come to appreciate and admire the genius of Schönberg, isn't it still possible to *dislike* his music and to hope that future composers may prove to be sufficiently robust to regard it as a dead-end?

My own misgivings about the trend of contemporary music on the Continent and in North

America stem from my regret at the slight attention paid to what I can only call the death of song. The great symphonies of Mozart—whatever depth and complexity is revealed as we contemplate them—do, in their basic themes at least, bear some resemblance to such tunes as a child might sing. Though sophisticated intellects may scoff at the philistine who 'likes a good tune' and who appreciates a bit of music he can tap his finger to, I should have thought that such impulses were basic, primordial responses which deserve to be satisfied. What relationships can *Pierrot Lunière* bear to the melodies a man might hum when in an idle or reflective mood?



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He could, however, have hummed a bit of *Don Giovanni*, but now will probably be thrown back upon a snatch of an American popular song, one which seeks to satisfy this primitive musical hunger.

I don't in the least wish to champion contemporary British music; nor do I mean to belittle the real musical achievements of the past fifty years. But it's my feeling that the problem of imminent musical chaos which confronted Schönberg and Stravinsky was overcome by the strength of these individual men, but that the problem itself has not been solved. There has been no acceptable musical idiom established that can serve as a substitute for the overworked conventions of tonality, that can enable a composer both to be meaningful and to sing. The dodecaphonic, etc., schools represent a cultivated taste, appealing chiefly—I should think—to enthusiasts and to music students. But what music will succeed in reaching the intelligent yet unspecialized listener? What tunes will meet his own inherent musical needs? To advocate that we should all embrace atonality in its various forms is to confirm the separation of the sophisticated, specialized composer from his well-meaning, unspecialized listener. It is to widen the gulf which exists between the increasingly esoteric 'serious' music and the increasingly vulgar American popular song.

If the energy and insight of Jerome Robbins can effect a fusion of the elements of modern 'jazz' and classical ballet, thus revitalizing each, could not a great musical genius do something with the less vulgar elements of popular song, a genius more complex and far-reaching than that of (say) Aaron Copland? My own quite unprofessional impulses suggest to me that whatever fine work might be done by individual dodecaphonic, etc., composers, as a school they will only appeal to a limited 'intellectual' coterie, and as such will eventually wither (though perhaps with our entire civilization along with them) from want of sustaining vigour and robustness. How can serious music survive the apparent death of song? That is the problem the composer today has to face, a problem not to be resolved merely by the pursuit of 'advanced' musical techniques.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

J. P. HARCOURT

Sir,—As Mr. Maxwell Davies in his absorbing talk has shown what he considers to be the problems confronting the British composer of today, perhaps I may be excused from presenting a further point of view?

Mr. Davies evidently finds experiment essential to the composition of music. While I agree that a certain amount of experiment, for the most part unconscious, is essential if we are to keep art fresh and spontaneous, can it really be necessary to turn the entire language of music upside down in order to do this? When Schönberg 'cut the Gordian knot' and dispensed with any sense of 'key' as previously known, he made music incomprehensible to the ears of the musical listener, and removed it to the plane of pure mathematics. It is, of course, true that Beethoven, Wagner, and Béla Bartók were all experimentalists; but none of their experiments necessitated diverting music into a channel in which it became incomprehensible to the musical faculties alone. What Joyce did with language, when he wrote *Finnegans Wake*, is something of a parallel, yet if Joyce is obscure, Schönberg

is doubly so, because his musical system even precludes reference to a phrase or interval from the familiar without anachronism, whereas Joyce, without violating his style, can interpolate a line or two from a Dublin street ballad.

Surely it is in some ways fortunate that art has produced so few Schönbergs, Kandinskys, or Joyces, or we should be everlastingly having to readjust our ears, eyes, or tongues to new languages? And if we are required to do this for Schönberg or Webern, how much less will we be prepared to do it for the post-Webernite gentlemen who carry the absurd to an even further stage of absurdity, and whom Mr. Davies himself condemns?

And so there is now no place for nationalism in music? Yet I find that the only valid experiments in music have been the achievements of men whose idioms were intensely national. Wagner's experiments in chromaticism, Musorgsky's revolutionary treatment of speech and drama, Debussy's harmonic and atmospheric discoveries, and Vaughan Williams's expression of melody and counterpoint in terms of folk-song: these, to name but a few, could only have been evolved by, in turn, the German, the Russian, the Frenchman, and the Briton, and not by members of some internationalist clique. That Sibelius, in *Tapiola*, made perhaps the most far-reaching musical experiment of our time, yet did not apparently find it necessary to turn the grammar of music inside-out and upside-down, I would like to assume is also common knowledge, but perhaps our manifest ignorance of what happened forty years ago is not confined to Schönberg.

As I see it, the strength of British music has usually come of our isolation, and it is precisely when we have kept an eye cocked on Continental fashions that we have produced the sort of second-hand imitators whom Mr. Davies has dismissed along with the 'amateurs'. Finally, in a personal aside, I can only add that, as a young British composer myself, I find it impossible not to write as a Briton, unfashionable as this may be, and that, far from striking a self-conscious attitude in doing so, I feel I should be a humbug if I attempted to follow a style evolved in central Europe or anywhere else. As for 'national feeling in art', it is quite untrue to say that it has ceased to exist, although it is true that the average Englishman is either less conscious or more reticent about it than the average Celt. Those to whom our folk music is now no more than 'a mummy embalmed in the collector's tape recordings' would do well to look in at a Ceili in the west of Ireland or the Scottish Highlands, or a Welsh pub after a football match. They will find sufficient evidence that folk music is not quite moribund, and, this being so, it must surely find an echo of some sort in the music we write today.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.5

WILLIAM L. HARRIS

On the Beaches of Kiev

Sir,—Mr. Steiner's broadcast on Sunday, September 20, on his 'seminar' was certainly an interesting and perhaps significant experience. But his concluding remarks on the political implications are, I fear, wishful thinking based on almost complete ignorance of political history.

To say that in pre-revolutionary Russia rehabilitations such as Pasternak's was impossible, is sheer nonsense. Russian writers—right back to Pushkin and Lermontov—were not infre-

quently falling foul of the censorship, sometimes being 'rusticated', but it did not require a public recantation of their beliefs and renunciation of an international prize for them to continue to write and enjoy public esteem. Mr. Steiner has only to read such twentieth-century writers, of radical views, as Maxim Gorky or Leonid Andreyev—to mention only two—to see how much explicit and implied criticism there was of the state of society and administration. As for political discussion, how does he imagine the Social Democratic and Social Revolutionary Parties in the Duma were organized and even kept touch with foreign friends and exiles abroad? Or how was the abortive revolution of 1905-6 set in motion?

The régime was erratic and often unpredictable in its reactions: it had none of the systematic and totalitarian efficiency of the Soviet system based on a monolithic party discipline. It is, I submit, essential before venturing into political diagnosis and prognoses, to study first the historical facts.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

M. ZVEGINTZOV

Whither West Africa?

Sir,—Mr. Ogunshye's otherwise excellent talk (THE LISTENER, October 8) is marred by a grave misstatement about Northern Nigeria. He says that 'official British policy was to reduce contact between the Muslim peoples of the north and the peoples of the south. Missionary activities, and with them Westernized education, were not allowed in the Muslim areas of the Northern Region'.

When Lugard came to Northern Nigeria he did not 'conquer' it in the accepted sense. With a very small force, mainly of Africans, he broke the power of the emirs and then offered them—or their representatives—a simple bargain. If they would abolish slavery, regularize administration and justice, and accept British supervision to ensure this, the existing set-up would be maintained, and innovations—including missions and the English language—would await the pleasure of the Northerners.

As this was an excellent bargain for both rulers and ruled, it was accepted everywhere. Emirs and other chiefs became salaried and secure in their tenure of office so long as they obeyed the rules of honesty and justice. The common people, too, were guaranteed justice and freedom from arbitrary exactions. It is for precisely this reason that the Northern Region is in no hurry to sever its connexion with Britain.

They have long since accepted both missions and English. When the North found that Christian missionaries were prepared to care for lepers—a task that no African would undertake—they were invited in for this purpose. When education had gone as far as it could in the vernacular, English was adopted for further studies mainly in science.

I have not hitherto heard the complaint that Mr. Ogunshye voices: on the contrary, I have heard Northerners assert that they should have been given the advantages of missions and English sooner.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.3

RONALD MILLER

Science and the Humanities

Sir,—I am glad to see in your correspondence columns that Dr. B. C. Brooke's talk, 'The Difficulty of Interpreting Science' (THE

LISTENER, October 1) has not been allowed to pass without reprisal from those of us who try to bridge the gap between the Sciences and the Humanities.

Dr. Brooke's illustration of the scientist using a microscope is apt and justifiable, although misleading. It is true the layman cannot know from looking at the slide what the scientist knows. The scientist's perception is trained, disciplined, and possibly even more acute than that of the layman: it is not, however, a different kind of perception and cannot be made so by describing it in technical terms.

The scientist's vocabulary is described as a 'meta-language', not merely a technical use of English but an entirely new language to be learnt in the classroom and the laboratory—but not anywhere else. This presumably is because we cannot learn it without 'experiencing' its application. On the same view a foreign language cannot be learnt outside the country of its origin.

Admittedly the scientist cannot make do with layman's English. His language must be more precise and so he uses English to define a vocabulary of technical terms incapable of misinterpretation. There can, however, be no absolute guarantee of their validity. To admit the possibility of objective values does not prevent us from making subjective evaluations. Dr. Brooke can never be certain that his meta-language is the same as that spoken by his expert colleague on the other side of the laboratory bench. Such a language may be useful among scientists in finding a solution to a problem. It should not be impossible to state the problem itself in the layman's terms. Surely it is not necessary to do what the scientist does in order to know what he is doing.

The language of science is, in the words of Dr. Brooke, an abstract language with physical references. Its relevance to the external world is, he believes, essential to avoid the danger of 'degenerating into pure mathematics'. This from a scientist is a remarkable warning. Science in its higher branches is evolving towards a pure mathematics, and as it becomes more consummate resembles less the applied mathematics, which was an earlier phase in its development. It is this formidable knowledge of mathematics and technical terms that Dr. Brooke wishes to exalt with the name of meta-language, understood only by a scientific coterie and foreign to all but the initiated.

On one point Dr. Brooke is informative. He tells us that we may learn the language of science by paying the appropriate fee. He talks of gentlemen's clubs, rules of the game, and uses all the specious arguments of trade unionism. Undeniably hard work is necessary to acquire skill in manipulating the abstract symbols that are an essential feature of all advanced intellectual activity—scientific or humanitarian. The language of the scientist is an enviably precise species of English and a tribute to the men who have used it to the advantage of all of us. But although it is esoteric, it is not mystical. We must it seems pay a high price in terms of labour and learning for admission to the laboratory, but if we go there at all, it is to learn the language of the scientist, not the language of the occult sciences. It would be a consolation to hope that we might find 'Welcome' on the mat, and the price of admission not deliberately inflated.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JAMES MOTTRAM

I Served a Maharaja

Sir,—I am indeed saddened to learn from the Rajsahab of Dhramgadhra's letter that my talk may have created a false impression about Princely rule in India. That was as far from my intention as it would be misleading.

I had great respect and affection for the Rajsahab's father, as I had for so many Indian Rulers, and could quote many instances of good personal administration, sound finance, and devoted service.

The reason why there were exceptions is correctly suggested by the Rajsahab. It was the gradual extinction of 'traditional controls', i.e. of an influential landed gentry, of powerful religious leaders and of strong social customs. In place of these traditional *internal* controls there had to be some other check on arbitrary rule. The gap was filled by the *external* control of the Paramount Power. This should never have been continued on a permanent basis, but what internal checks could be insisted upon by a Paramount Power, who was under treaty obligation not to interfere with a Ruler's internal autonomy? Here lay the crux of the problem. It is being repeated today in emergent nations throughout the world.

Is the check to be western parliamentary democracy? This may well provide just what a western-educated minority needs in order to grasp power. Is it the system, however, under which the people of these areas wish to live or will be allowed to live? A look at the world from France to Indonesia through the Middle East suggests that it is not.

The Paramount Power in India and its Ruling Princes could not find the answer. It will have to be found in due course.—Yours, etc.,

Finchampstead

CONRAD CORFIELD

Sir,—May I assure the Maharaja of Mayurdhwaj that I do not believe that an autocrat is necessarily wicked, or that all Rajas were despots. My point was that an occupying power, itself a democracy, is not being true to itself if it suppresses democratic expressions, particularly if the supported Ruler is a worthless tyrant. Our own history surely illustrates the conviction of Englishmen in government by consent, and their right to take at least the minimum steps required to secure this.

'I hate what you say, but will defend to the last your right to say it': if this is true of seventeenth-century England it must have been at least equally valid in India during the last fifty years.

It is my conviction that the greatest contribution England has made to the happiness of the world has been its democratic system, with its liberal outlook towards minorities. If this commodity is not exportable, then our role abroad has mocked us. Prison camps, imprisonment without trial, the breaking-up of gatherings by a show of force would not be tolerated in England excepting in the direst possible emergency recognized by the common consent of the overwhelming majority.

This condition apparently was not fulfilled in the instance we are discussing. We are therefore entitled to ask whether some other set of standards are thought to be applicable abroad, and if so from whom are they derived?

May I add that the two standard arguments advanced by the exponents of despotism abroad—i.e., that 'people are too primitive to understand reason' or that 'you are ignorant of con-

ditions there'—seem only to prove that our best brains are not for export either.—Yours, etc.,
Lower Kingswood L. C. McCLEAN

Sir,—As a Political Officer in Rajputana for eight years (the last five as Governor-General's Agent for the 20 States), I had to deal with various cases of mal-administration due to the failing health or imbecility of an ageing Ruler. When I knew that the peasants, oppressed by bribe-taking underlings, might start a rebellion, I did not ask the Viceroy for a 'Commission of Inquiry' but paid a visit to the Ruler and, through friendly but inexorable pressure, induced him to delegate administrative power to his competent heir, while retaining his seat on the *Gadi*.

Rajputana Chiefs' heirs had their schooling at the 'Mayo Chiefs' College' in Ajmer, which aimed at training them in mind and character as well as in bodily health. If there was no eligible heir, I would propose some able and trustworthy man for appointment as *Diwan* (Prime Minister).—Yours, etc.,

Victoria, B.C.

R. E. HOLLAND

A Riddle of British History

Sir,—Mr. John McNeal Dodgson is hardly correct in stating that I 'disregarded' the claims of Bromborough (Cheshire) in my discussion of the possible sites of the battle of Brunanburh. I did mention that Bromborough was one of the sites suggested, but in fifteen minutes it was clearly impossible to deal with all the theories, and I had necessarily to limit myself to those which seemed to me the most probable.

My objection to Bromborough is that it was too far removed from the main north-south lines of communication; because of this, and because they seemed to me to fit in better with the available evidence—admittedly scanty—I decided to concentrate on the alternatives at Bamber Bridge and Brinsworth.—Yours, etc.,

Huddersfield

ALBERT MAKINSON

A Commonwealth Ghost Book

Sir,—Your publishing on October 8, under the title of 'A Galaxy of Ghosts', Mr. D. C. Horton's interesting talk on hauntings in India and Malaya encourages the belief that there are among your readers many who have had similar experiences, such as might well be considered for inclusion in the Commonwealth Ghost Book I am now in process of compiling as a companion volume to *Phantom Footsteps* which Robert Hale publishes for me in a day or two.

Anything ghostly relating to the British Commonwealth would receive sympathetic consideration, particularly where names of places and persons concerned can be given.—Yours, etc.,

ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

48 Upper Cheyne Row,
Chelsea, London, S.W.3

Shoes with a Memory

Sir,—In attacking the mechanistic approach of science to human affairs, in THE LISTENER of October 15, I find that through turning two pages at once I have attributed to Mr. Wren-Lewis the words in fact uttered by Dr. Grey Walter. May I now turn a new leaf and direct my apologies to Mr. Wren-Lewis and my onslaught to Dr. Grey Walter.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

[We also offer our apologies to Mr. Wren-Lewis.
—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]



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you
later,
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WILMOT BREEDEN

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THERE are few artists whose style is so completely changed by a change of medium as Segonzac. Only a few of the more pictorial water-colours in the Arts Council's exhibition of his graphic art in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy recall in any way the broad and firmly modelled forms of his oil paintings; the etchings and drawings here have a refinement and delicacy of touch which might almost suggest that they were the work of another artist who had spent his life in the development of a quite separate talent. And one might even think that this was an artist of another and earlier age, untouched by the restless energy and the determination to make style master subject which are characteristic of so much modern art and certainly appear to some extent in the canvases of Segonzac.

In a perfectly natural way, without a trace of archaism or any suggestion that he has made a deliberate effort to avert his eyes from the artistic developments of his time, Segonzac accepted the tradition and even the taste of the impressionists in his graphic work. But here also there is a double achievement, for he has pursued with equal success both of the two principal aims of impressionism, the frank recording of instantaneous movements of the human figure, the study of the unposed model, and the sensitive appreciation of ordinary and unromantic landscape.

As appears in his early studies of Isadora Duncan dancing, in some studies of boxers, and in drawings and etchings made during the first world war, Segonzac began by using the impressionist vision after the fashion of Degas or Forain, and perhaps the most brilliant manifestation of this aspect of his talent was the etchings done to illustrate the novel *Bubu de Montparnasse* in 1929. But he has always made a practice of spending months in the country as well as in Paris and here, although his vision remained equally shrewd and piercing, the mood of his work became idyllic as he studied the pastoral scene. He himself chose Virgil's *Georgics* as the book that he particularly wished to illustrate and in the etchings for this noble volume it is extraordinary how the most everyday objects of the countryside, such as beehives or cattle, are made to look as if they belonged to the golden age, and this without any attempt to disguise the more casual and untidy aspects of farming.

An Arts Council exhibition at the Tate Gallery of modern Swiss art includes the work of three artists, Klee, Le Corbusier, and Alberto Giacometti, whose nationality is not always remembered. Klee is not represented by any of his more characteristic drawings but by some of his larger and predominantly abstract oils.



'The Road to Calvary', by Carel Weight: from the exhibition at Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street, W.1

By Le Corbusier there are paintings in what he and Ozenfant called the purist style, and some highly characteristic sculpture and drawings by Giacometti have been chosen. The earliest artist to come into the exhibition is Ferdinand Hodler whose work both in landscape and in figure compositions of peasant types was strenuously regional though he had some contact with the European movement known as Jugendstil. After this there is Felix Vallotton who worked in Paris and had relations with the Nabis but remained essentially academic in spite of the stiff simplification he imposed on his coldly realistic figures.

Among the later artists there are echoes of most of the principal developments of modern art, Swiss artists being as likely to be influenced by what went on in Germany or Italy as by the school of Paris. There are also some curious works of more individual character such as the small and shadowy figure compositions of Otto Meyer-Amden and the large paintings of English guardsmen by Varlin. It is surprising to find that Augusto Giacometti, a cousin of Alberto Giacometti's father, painted something very like an action picture in 1917.

Three painters, Robert Buhler, Roger de Grey, and Carel Weight, are holding a joint exhibition at Agnew's. Besides a number of smaller landscapes in which he contrives to give a numinous or eerie quality to the most commonplace suburban scene, Weight shows an ambitious composition, 'The Road to Calvary', with the

figures in modern clothes and the setting in France, a work of considerable imaginative power. Buhler mostly shows landscapes, though there is an excellent portrait of a small boy; his work is impressionist in character but with some emphasis on firm construction and with the colour usually heightened, especially in the purplish skies. De Grey's designs are always very carefully worked out and systematically built up out of small overlapping squares of paint, but in several landscapes here he seems to have achieved more spontaneity than usual.

At the Matthiesen Gallery there is a retrospective exhibition of the work of Francis Picabia, who died in 1953. He seldom convinces one that painting was the right medium for his talent but all his work seems to be the product of a lively and inquiring mind; even where his style was derivative he added something of his own, if only a quirk,

to various developments of painting in the earlier half of this century. At the Redfern Gallery there are a few large paintings and a number of lithographs and aquatints by Soulages; the paintings are expressionist abstractions of nightmarish intensity. Loosely painted abstractions by Paul Feilera are also shown. The Lefevre Gallery has got together an excellent collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings which include important landscapes and a portrait by Camille Pissarro, a ravishing still life by Matisse, oils and pastels of exceptional charm by Vuillard, and an impressive nude by Francis Gruber. From the exhibition 'Critic's Choice' at Tooth's Gallery which has been chosen by Terence Mullaly it is clear that this critic has not followed any particular path of fashion; among the painters shown are Stanley Spencer, Ivon Hitchens, Roy de Maistre, Anne Redpath, Josef Herman, and Sidney Nolan. He has been guided in his choice by his belief that these are all thinking artists.

Jean Tinguely has invented a machine which produces action paintings and this can be seen at work at the Kaplan Gallery. It is said that this has caused annoyance to artists in Paris, where the machine has been operating at high speed and in public. This is not surprising. What is wanted, of course, is a controlled experiment to see whether anyone can tell the difference between the work of an action painter of average talent and the product of the machine.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Fourteenth Century

By May McKisack. Oxford. 35s.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF ENGLAND, moves with majestic slowness towards its completion. It is more than twenty-five years since Mr. G. N. Clark, then an ambitious history tutor, produced the first volume in the series which he edits. Now after achieving the highest academic honours both at Oxford and Cambridge and receiving a knighthood he sees in retirement his dream child nearing maturity. Since then much has happened; wars have been fought; printing has been stopped from time to time; some of the original authors are dead; others have fallen by the wayside, one or two frightened, it is said, of provoking Sir Lewis Namier; Sir Maurice Powicke contributed a vast tome on the thirteenth century which defied all ordinary definition; and it has been whispered that one day a final volume on the twentieth century will be added by that *enfant terrible* of Oxford history, Mr. Alan Taylor; if so, the whole work should end not with a whimper but a bang.

The latest volume to appear, on the fourteenth century, by Miss McKisack, is a scholarly study which, unlike its predecessor, shows respect for the pattern of the series. But she pays limited regard to art and literature and her accounts of battles, though conscientious, are slightly confusing. (A fine bibliography, however, always enables the student to dig farther.) Her main concern is with constitutional history. Here she has at her disposal the researches of the late Professor Tout and his pupils as well as her own. It is noticeable that although she discusses the administrative side of King Edward II's reign—those Wardrobes of which Tout made so much—she writes that 'As Stubbs perceived long ago, the most significant constitutional development of the reign lies in the growing importance of parliament as a political assembly and, within parliament, of the knights and burgesses'. She considers that while the contemporary treatise *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum* was a propagandist document, it contained a vision instinct with sound prophecy. Back then to Stubbs!

Miss McKisack has some interesting things to say about the Great Revolt of 1381 and the tragedy of Richard II. Historians have long been agreed that there were both political and economic causes for the revolt. Miss McKisack lays stress upon personal factors: 'What brought Edward III's house to disaster', she writes, 'was not the so-called "appanage policy" but two unpredictable calamities—the premature death of his eldest son and the tragic incapacity of his grandson'. Most of the economic factors had long been in existence: a reduction in prices owing to a world depression, a scramble for freehold land, a falling off in the demand for customary labour, as demesne farming was cut down, until it was screwed up after the Black Death. Local disturbances had long been common. But she blames the general revolt on the imposition of the poll tax and the ineptitude of the government of Richard II.

Miss McKisack is severe on Kings and

Ministers, but defends the medieval Church with lady-like vigour. She says that anti-clericalism was in part the product of the social unrest. She thinks that the bishops have been unfairly abused—dioceses suffered from absenteeism less than is usually supposed. Monks were still respected for their austerity and learning. The struggle between the King and Papacy was largely shadow boxing. The religion of the age was genuine and vital. This is indeed a 'revised view'. Writing in 1904 in his life of John of Gaunt Sir Sydney Armitage-Smith observed: 'in the latter half of the fourteenth century the conduct of the Church was such as to inspire thoughtful men with feelings almost amounting to despair'. Possibly the balance of opinion will one day be redressed again. Professor Knowles has pointed out that no English monk, friar or bishop was canonized during the fourteenth century. And one need not disregard the evidence of Langland and Chaucer or omit to note that a blameless Archbishop of Canterbury was murdered by a mob.

The historian of the seventeenth century, looking back on the constitutional history of the fourteenth, cannot fail to be fascinated. He notices monarchs acting as legislators, as King James I claimed he was entitled to do; he reads of kings organizing impeachments, though King Charles I is always said to have had no right to try to impeach the five members. But to the historian of the twentieth century much of the inner meaning of the events of these times is obscure. When Oman, Trevelyan, Armitage-Smith, and Petit-Dutaillis wrote about the fourteenth century fifty years ago, they found a straightforward and comprehensible story to tell. The modern tendency is to refine, revise, and reconstruct incidents with the aid of new manuscript discoveries, but the tale rarely carries psychological conviction.

Were Thomas of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, Henry of Bolingbroke, the Arundels and the rest really struggling over questions of principle or simply manoeuvring for power? Was the Great Revolt the product of oppression or mismanagement? Were Edward II and Richard II perverts or maniacs? Were the attacks on 'favourites' just excuses for greedy barons to exploit royal weaknesses? Could any Ministers have avoided unpopularity once the war in France was a failure? It is a pity that simple questions like these cannot be asked and answered. The history of an age should be more than a collection of learned essays.

Still, when all is said and done, even if some of the volumes make difficult reading, this is a series that forms an invaluable work of reference and Top People ought to buy it.

MAURICE ASHLEY

A Concise History of Modern Painting By Herbert Read.

Thames and Hudson. 28s.

Sir Herbert Read has written a most valuable history of modern painting, which he conceives to have begun with Cézanne, and it is unlikely that there is at the moment any other book on the subject which gives so much information in

so little space. Intricate episodes like the beginnings of Dada or the various developments of surrealism are carefully investigated and there are constant references to documents, often obscure, which may throw light on the confusing mental processes of artists. Inevitably there has been selection, and, as one might expect, Sir Herbert has been drawn, as he himself admits, 'towards extremes that are positive' at the risk of neglecting 'artists of great talent who occupy an intermediate and more ambiguous position'. So there is no mention of Segonzac, Sickert, or Matthew Smith, and the more recent developments of art in Italy are almost entirely ignored. And if any artist harks back to the past he will certainly get no mention from this author; there is one glancing reference to socialist realism but no mention at all of Rebevalle and no indication that many artists of talent both in France and England have practised this kind of art within the last ten years.

But however useful it may be as history this book also requires to be considered as an intensely earnest and uncompromising affirmation of the enormous value that Sir Herbert attaches to modern art. Some might consider Klee a brilliant humorist with a real vein of poetry and an exquisite miniaturist's talent, but Sir Herbert goes so far as to say that if our culture survives at all 'the work of Klee, visual and pedagogical, will inevitably be the main sap and impulsive force of its growth'.

On the last page of the book there is some attempt to explain why the works of art under discussion may be expected to have so prodigious and far-reaching an effect. 'Philosophy and politics, science and government, all rest finally', we are told, 'on the clarity with which we perceive and conceive the facts of experience', and art has always been 'the primary means of forming clear ideas of feelings and sensation'. Because the modern movement in art has been, in Sir Herbert's view, 'a purifying influence', he seems to think that it is particularly well adapted to form such clear ideas, and so he thinks that the work of the leaders of the modern movement—he lists them as Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and Pollock—'is the basis upon which any possible civilization of the future will be built'.

The odd thing is that Sir Herbert has himself pointed out one little difficulty which may confront those who have the task of building civilization on Pollock, for he is in some doubt whether action painting, the kind of art that Pollock mostly practised, can be considered art at all. Any aesthetic qualities it may have are, he suggests, accidental, though he concedes the possibility that 'the accidental is also the archetypal', which presumably means that the artist has dredged something up out of Jung's collective unconscious. This seems to be a shaky basis for the civilization of the future, although, if it comes to that, so also does any clarification of our ideas that may be brought about by contemplating the works of Picasso.

It must be admitted that clarity is not always the most conspicuous feature of Sir Herbert's criticism. Thus he draws a distinction between



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artists who 'transform the real into plastic images' and those—they are said to be mostly sculptors, but the painter Dubuffet is mentioned—who 'transform the plastic material itself into a real object'. Possibly the idea is that the first class of artists make the real things they see look in their pictures like objects they have modelled, as if one made a figure look like a piece of sculpture: but how do you transform clay, or the thick paint which is presumably Dubuffet's plastic material, so that it becomes any more a real object than it was before? On the same page we are told that the informal abstractions of Sam Francis 'seem to condense space itself into a luminous substance'. It is, of course, very difficult to find anything definite to say when confronted by an informal abstraction, but if one does not know what condensed space looks like it is not very helpful to be told that a picture looks like condensed space.

The book is liberally illustrated with an excellent choice of reproductions and there is a good bibliography.

ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

The Ten Pains of Death

By Gavin Maxwell. Longmans. 30s.

To Feed the Hungry. By Danilo Dolci. Macgibbon and Kee. 30s.

Words are Stones. By Carlo Levi. Gollancz. 16s.

Sicily is nowadays often in the news, and perhaps people who chiefly associate it with the Idylls of Theocritus, the Vespers, Etna, Taormina, marvellous Greek and Roman monuments and honeymooners' hotels are now realizing some of its stark realities. Behind the defiance of his Christian Democrat Party by Signor Milazzo, the dissident leader of the Sicilian regional government—behind his evasion of the Vatican's ban on association with the Communists (in spite of which he is reported to have made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santa Rosalia, to offer thanks for his electoral victory!) lies a long history of passionate independence, unbelievable poverty and bitter hatred for the *continentali*. These are the mainland Italians whom many Sicilians blame for it all, above all the government in Rome and the industrialists of the North.

Mr. Maxwell does not go directly into the economic, social and political problems of Sicily. But indirectly, by concentrating on a particularly squalid and primitive region, a great tunny-fishing centre near Castellamare del Golfo where he lived for some years, he brings alive, sometimes terrifyingly alive, the depths of misery and ignorance and despair of so many Sicilians. His method is to let his chosen characters talk; and they do this often with an extreme frankness and obscenity which is veiled in the numerous Sicilian words in the appendix. Thus prostitutes, homosexuals and necromancers confess to him; the preoccupation with brothels and masturbation is rather monotonous. But there are also a nun and a priest, pathetic creatures, a cynical doctor and a frustrated schoolmaster, all contending with the character of an ancient mixed race formed by centuries of misrule, the fierce climate and the barren land. Not all barren or sordid, however; there are beautifully written reports on the grain, olive and vine harvests. They relieve the impres-

sion of hunger, disease, lust, filth and stench so vividly conveyed in other chapters. It is not, of course, the whole story. There are differences between the eastern and western halves of Sicily, and we should remind ourselves that the island has produced Italian leaders of intelligence, ability and sincerity, the late Don Sturzo, for example. Mr. Maxwell's canvas is too narrow and crowded to allow for positive Sicilian achievement. He calls his book an introduction to the English translation of *Inchiesta a Palermo* by the north Italian architect turned revolutionary social reformer in Sicily, Danilo Dolci. But Mr. Maxwell's intense and passionate book can stand by itself, however partial it may be.

So can Signor Dolci's. It covers more or less the same ground as Mr. Maxwell's, and uses his method of interrogation of the impoverished, illiterate and disease-ridden part of the population. But it is more statistical; he reports at the outset that 47 per cent. of the 4,500,000 Sicilians are destitute or semi-destitute. Then follows a sort of sociological Gallup poll. Most of it is desperately depressing, at times horrifying. It is left to Aldous Huxley, in his Introduction, while emphasizing the 'giant misery' revealed by Dolci, to point out that the Italian Government is doing something; for example, building a great dam which will fertilize thousands of sterile acres. But it is far from enough. The 'Asiatic poverty' of Palermo can be met only by industrialization, and this problem is at the bottom of Sicilian rebelliousness. Dolci's book, which is translated by P. D. Cummins, will give a powerful shock to complacency, but it does not discuss remedies.

No one need expect Carlo Levi, famous author of *Christ stopped at Eboli*, to do for Sicily what he did for the paganized uplands of Calabria. His new book, translated by Angus Davidson, is a collection, some four years old, of pieces of reporting. He went round the island, and so can give a more representative, and sometimes lighter picture than Mr. Maxwell or Signor Dolci: Sicilian courtesy and humour, for instance. But he has some scarifying pages on the sulphur-workers and the abject poverty on the Bronte estate which a grateful King Ferdinand presented to Nelson. His chapters on the return of Mr. Impelliteri, Mayor of New York, to his native village, though tinged with a patronizing irony, were well worth reprinting. And he gives a good account of a meeting with Danilo Dolci. This shows that the reformer who writes to shock public opinion is also active in practical assistance to the desperately poor community among whom he has chosen to put down his roots.

ALEC RANDALL

I Forgot to Tell You

By L. E. Jones. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Readers of Sir Lawrence Jones's previous volumes of autobiography will know what to expect and this mixed bag of random reminiscences, prejudices, and beliefs will not in the main disappoint them. The reminiscent chapters are the best. Nothing could be in happier vein than his opening reflections entitled 'Man-Servant and Maid-Servant'. It is charmingly and wittily done. His four first war stories reveal his skill as a raconteur. If the material here and there is a little thin, there is ample compensation in the

telling. The extraordinary and rather sinister events recorded in chapter IV (the chapter headed 'Believe it or not' as distinct from the chapter, IV headed 'Behind the Lines') leave one if not sceptical at least wanting to know more.

One may praise his 'Eccentric in Italy' by saying that it has a Maughamish touch. One may even share his enthusiasm for fox-stalking and bird-watching. It is when the author comes to speak of his prejudices that a less happy note is struck. In deference to a critic of his former memoirs he has sought to add relish to the present volume by a dash of vinegar. To air one's grievances is to risk becoming a bore—which is not a role one sees Sir Lawrence cast for. But his rebarbative reflections on, for example, the P.E.N. Club—of which he is a member—if not exactly boring, certainly do him and P.E.N. less than justice; they even invite the uncivil retort that his views would be more worth listening to were they based on a closer acquaintance with the character, purposes, and activities of that institution.

However, on reaching the pages devoted to travel we are in calmer water and the atmosphere is once again congenial. A disarming and somewhat wistful little *envoi* rounds off a book that, vinegar apart, makes excellent light reading.

ALAN THOMAS

William Cowper of the Inner Temple, Esq. A Story of His Life and Works to the Year 1768.

By Charles Ryskamp. Cambridge. 30s.

Cowper's life has been so often written that it might be thought that nothing was left to be said. In fact, however, his early years have remained rather shadowy and it is only after the decisive year 1763, when, as he wrote, 'disorder of mind unfitted me for all society', that the picture of him and his surroundings is sharply and fully focused. As a result of this, the religious and psychopathic tensions of which he was henceforth to be the victim have tended to overshadow unduly the cheerful social temperament which he manifested during his first thirty years.

With the exception of his last chapter in which he briefly reviews Cowper's early association with 'the Saints' of the Evangelical movement, Dr. Ryskamp has concentrated upon these early years. Within this period facts are more important and rewarding than interpretation and Dr. Ryskamp has gathered and documented them more thoroughly than any of his predecessors. In particular he has described in detail the character and careers of Cowper's many friends at Westminster School and later in the Temple who meant the more to him because he had so few immediate family ties. Through these friends we are given a picture of public-school life in the eighteenth century and of that ribald, hard-drinking literary circle in London whose members belonged to the Nonsense Club, men like Colman, Thornton, Lloyd and Churchill, with whom Cowper forgot his shyness and enjoyed consorting. That such men equally enjoyed Cowper, though he can seldom have been as boisterous as they, is easily understood. For at this time his fits of depression were brief and transitory, and between them his 'animal sprightliness' flowed with 'great

equality'. He was, in Dr. Ryskamp's words, 'a good fellow at their gay parties and in their disreputable follies', but, above all, he had, as a conversationalist, a delightful humour. As later in his life in his letters, he knew how to make an amusing story out of nothing.

The picture, then, of the young Cowper which emerges from Dr. Ryskamp's industrious factual record, suggests a more robust, high-spirited and worldly person than those familiar

with the recluse of Olney might have supposed. But the shadows were always there and after the broken engagement with his cousin Theodora, melancholy and a sense of incapacity to meet the demands of life began to get the better of him, until the only escape was into madness. Dr. Ryskamp traces the stages of this descent with the same scholarly fidelity as characterizes his whole book. Incidentally, few, on the evidence he provides, will question his

conclusion that Cowper's reputed hermaphroditism was no more than a sick fancy of his own. In addition to all this biographical material the book contains early letters, essays and poems from the period 1750-67, collected here for the first time, and an excellent short chapter on Cowper's qualities as a writer. It is as quietly competent a record of the poet's early life as could be desired.

H. P. A. FAUSSET

New Novels

Every Man is God. By Raymond Postgate. Michael Joseph. 15s.

Level 7. By Mordecai Roshwald. Heinemann. 15s.

Tents of Wickedness. By Peter de Vries. Gollancz. 16s.

A Quality of Violence. By Andrew Salkey. New Authors Ltd. 15s.

MR. POSTGATE HAS WRITTEN a fine novel of what I should like to call an old-fashioned kind, if this did not sound vaguely disparaging. The reverse is intended. Abundant knowledge of a society, a dry sanity, and a humanist's generosity of spirit—these are harder things to come by nowadays than surprising camera-angles or unusual settings. Apart from a slight time-shift at the beginning and a pervading mythological reference, *Every Man is God* is straightforward narrative. It is the story of an army family, extending from the eighteenth-eighties to the nineteen-thirties. There is a big stage and a large cast and, though the book is not particularly long, an air of ample unhurried progression. If I mention the myth that lies behind it I slightly give the game away; but we are so evidently invited to recognize Agamemnon and Clytemnestra (later, Orestes and Electra too) that to speak of this can hardly go beyond the author's intention. The Alderton family are of sufficient dynastic pretensions to make their story more than a tale of private life; but they are sufficiently isolated and close-knit to give it an ingrown tragic intensity. The horror of the events is not emphasized; the real crime is lovelessness. As the son of the house puts it, on his recovery from madness at the end of the family history:

We were too isolated; we were rich, we had titles, we thought a lot of ourselves and kept ourselves separated from other people; and so we stewed together as if we had been heated in a casserole . . . It wasn't a natural life.

The mythological allusion does not cramp the story; it develops naturally on its own lines. Mr. Postgate is the happy possessor of a historical sense, and the changing social climate, the details both external and internal, are presented with a rare fidelity. The book also rejoices in a pair of chorus characters, the Calcrafts, who without being supernaturally virtuous or intelligent display a standard of human kindness, sympathy and comprehension that we can both believe in and admire. It is they who have the last word. This is a novel that refuses to call attention to itself by stridency or showmanship; it is to be hoped nevertheless that it gets the attention it deserves.

Level 7 has been praised as a powerful imaginative comment on the horrifying folly of nuclear armaments. One must give due attention to any effort at making present to the imagination a danger so overwhelming that for the

most part we simply banish it from consciousness and leave it out of our election manifestoes. But I cannot join in the praise. The conception is not adequate to the occasion; it does not seem very like the way armies work, or the way human beings work either. Of course the point is that the characters are something less than human. *Level 7* is the deepest of a set of military shelters where the press-button squad who release nuclear death are safely enshrined. All personnel (this beastly word is the appropriate one here) have been specially chosen for their lack of human attachments. They are further dehumanized by their isolation and their whole course of life below ground. The protagonist presses his buttons; the destruction of the surface of the globe follows; it is total, and turns out to have been automatic. The fatal buttons are pressed because of an accidental explosion on the other side. The story then tells of the return of a partial human consciousness in the hero, just before his death.

The objection to the whole fable (it is raised in the text but not answered) is that there is no need for any human intervention at all. The press-button experts are quite unnecessary, and in such a society would never have been used. The artistic difficulty is that having been reduced as nearly as possible to mechanical puppets they cannot arouse much interest. The destruction of the world reflected in such an inadequate consciousness becomes almost insignificant. Furthermore (I speak as an old inhabitant of a number of fool's paradises, and naturally may be quite wrong) I don't, on the level of factual probability, believe a word of it.

There is no suggestion that anything in our power could alter any of these developments; and if that were so, the best thing we could do would be to fiddle until Rome burns. To help us in this we might turn to Mr. de Vries. Like all this author's writing, *Tents of Wickedness* is brilliantly funny in a very special way—a way that involves a good deal of knowledge of current American manners and current American literature. Those who have neither will miss the best of it. Charles Swallow runs an advice column in the newspaper of a small Connecticut town. As the book opens he is setting himself up comfortably as a Marquand character, mildly deploring the declining standards of his society and preparing for a leisurely retrospect over his own career. But a schooltime girl-friend suddenly doubles back into his life; and unluckily

she is an Emily Dickinson character—fey, barefooted, spends most of her time in white muslin in a tree-house. She is called Sweetie. A half-forgotten episode with Sweetie in a coal-hole is resurrected, and this reveals to Charles that he is really in a Faulkner situation. Every time the literary ambience changes the style changes too, and we are treated to some hilarious parodies of modern American fictional modes. But this comedy of mood and verbal fooling gives way to comedy of situation. Charles tries to rescue a ne'er-do-well brother-in-law; Sweetie has a baby; and so on. Here the touch is less sure. The episode is Mr. de Vries's medium rather than the sustained intrigue. The brilliantly comic satire of attitudes and affectations does not chime very well with what almost threatens to be real personal entanglements. But there are compensations throughout; Sweetie's poems, for instance, which parody all the fashionable styles; and the letter Charles receives for his 'Lamplighter' column: 'Dear Lamplighter, I have just found out that my husband is heterosexual . . . Oh my God, that this should happen to me'. It all works out pretty well in the end, and we conclude on the note of reconciliation that is now almost as much *de rigueur* in American novels as anguished protest was a few years ago.

A Quality of Violence is a remarkable first novel. Its setting is Jamaica, and its theme is an outbreak of voodoo-like violence and superstition, the consequence of a disastrous drought. The local magician kills himself in the course of one of his ceremonies, and it is said that he is going to rise again; the children confuse him vaguely with the Saviour, and the borders between Christianity and primitive magic shift and flicker bewilderingly. Two families represent the forces of sanity, and in a scene of mounting tension they just succeed in preventing a ritual murder. The most remarkable quality of this book is the use of a stylized form of the local dialect. It is nearly all in dialogue, and the extraordinary speech, in which a richly mixed vocabulary is used entirely without benefit of syntax, proves the medium for a kind of vivid and dramatic poetry. The sequences are sometimes a little blurred and a larger mixture of narrative might have sharpened them. But this is a small matter compared with the ever-present vitality of the writing. Mr. Salkey has begun with a vigorous, imaginative and quite unusual novel.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Snakes and Ladders

'THE COMBINATION of Colin Morris and Gilchrist Calder' (*Radio Times* tells us) 'has created in the past few years a standard by which the dramatized documentary of television is inevitably judged'. That's fine, just fine. So let us take a look at, and attempt to judge, this standard.

'Who, Me?' (October 15) dealt with the police interrogation of suspects. Three unsavoury fellows, of differing qualities of villainy, had been pulled in 'in connexion with' a robbery of a tobacconist, into which a pore old widow had sunk her little all—why on earth she carried no insurance is another matter. Each unsavoury fellow strenuously denied his implication, postulated cast-iron alibi ('I was in bed wiv me wife'). Police baffled: 'I'm sorry, sergeant, but I'm afraid we'll have to let them go'. Enter master interrogator. 'Give me a couple of hours, sir', and lo and behold, by a combination of blarney, double-talk, pure mendacity and homespun pep-talk, he cracks the whole thing wide open and the three fellows, guilty but purged, are led off grinning to the cells. 'Hope you don't hold it against us, sir', says one of them as he goes, 'it's our job to hold out against you as long as we can'.

Now all this was tolerably amusing *drama*. But is it *documentary*? The sergeant, in the course of his interrogation, tells a number of thumping lies. He tells each of the crooks, separately, that the other two have confessed and are blaming everything on him. He tells one of them that his mother has been questioned and given him away. And so on. Legally, 'officially', he is an honest man; and he talks to one of those crooks real heart-to-heart, honest he does, urging him to mend his ways. And he is not unlikable—far from it, a warm, generous, genuine man, and no doubt the best of friends for an old lag who decides to turn a new leaf. But there is no question that, morally speaking, he is as dishonest as they come, and his presence in a police force makes a mockery of the whole conception of law as the instrument of morality.

'Set a liar to catch a liar' may be good practice but is corrupting theory.

Now I am in no position to deny that anything in 'Who, Me?' was fact. No doubt, dramatization apart, all was derived from actual experience and example. But we have a right to demand something more from documentary than that: we can insist that what we see should be, not merely fact, but representative fact. Was this the case? If so, it is no wonder some



Lee Montagu as Detective-Sergeant Tom Hitchens interrogating Jack Rodney as 'Shrimp' in the dramatized documentary programme 'Who, Me?'

criminals regard the whole business not as a matter of good and evil but a game—snakes and ladders, if you like: a ladder (laid, say, against a bedroom window), crime successful, go up one thousand pounds; a snake (in the grass, say), found out, go down twelve months. And no ethical implications whatever.

But I do doubt very much that what we saw was typical. It seems to me almost certain that 'Who, Me?' was based on a study of some

single and quite exceptional man; and that Messrs. Morris and Calder, so far from providing us with a platinum standard for dramatized documentary, cannot even distinguish between the two halves of their subject and serve us up the one in the guise of the other. What's more, I have the strongest feeling that what I am saying will seem either double Dutch or milk-and-water idealism to them: for at no point was there the slightest indication that the interrogator was other than a figure to be admired and studied. They seemed in fact to lack

all moral sensibility; and persons without that may be superficially amusing but are fundamentally great bores—indeed, quite possibly the only real bores there are.

On October 14 we saw the second half of the repeat of 'Chinese Journey'—the market of Peking with its extraordinary acrobats and jugglers, the marvellous skill of the hand-puppet man, the strange frail elegances of the shadow-theatre. Then straight on to 'Happy as Can Be', which I missed on its first showing in August, a straight record of a factory coach-outing from south-east London. One could conceive no more shattering contrast. The factory workers had, I suppose, a standard of living about fifty times higher than the slum-dwellers of Peking. But their aesthetic standards—I say nothing against the no doubt exemplary characters of those good ladies, but: never in my whole life (not a sheltered one) have I seen anything to approach the hideousness of those faces, the appalling unbecomingness of their fancy hats, the mindlessness of their laughter, the tunelessness of their singing, the pointlessness of their sad sad stupid pleasures. And it is not that I sat down to watch them with a bad attack of liver; though I hesitate to indicate the state of that organ at the end. Had this been presented as a document of a horror of spiritual and artistic bankruptcy without parallel, that would have been something. But damn it all, once again this was for our admiration and edification. Whatever is, is right? But no, dear bores, you know, it just isn't.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

From the Commonwealth

LET ME CONFESS at once to an insular prejudice against plays from or about the Commonwealth. No sooner does the hardy Yorkshire family fix its sailing date than I begin to lose interest. Their future is all too plain. The husband may have the light of adventure in his eye, but before long he will have turned into a leathery veteran of the outback, ritualistically masticating home produce and rambling on about the bad season. No good being won over by the gay young wife, either; in a flash she will have solidified into a box-like matron, bustling round her kitchen to attend to the needs of the swarming offspring who have arrived during the years of undistracted fecundity.

The B.B.C.'s productions of pieces such as Lynn Foster's Australian saga, *The Exiles*, have done nothing to shake me out of what, I feel sure, is a narrow-minded view. If any exception in television is to be made, it is for the Canadian plays presented from time to time by the independent networks; for no matter what one's objections to the works of writers such as W. O. Mitchell, Mordecai Richler, and Reuben Ship, at least they acknowledge no stereotype and concern themselves more with investigating character and situation than with putting on shows of moral virtue against a geographically instructive background. Too often the B.B.C.'s plays seem to have less to do with drama than with furthering some Commonwealth publicity campaign.

Bruce Mason's *The Pohutukawa Tree* (October 18), a New Zealand piece, typifies what I have in mind. Even more forcibly than the usual emigration epics it shows a writer struggling to domesticate an exotic subject. Mr. Mason



M. Jean Cocteau with a 'centaur' during the making of *Le Testament d'Orphée* at Les Baux: in 'The Cinema Today in France' on October 15



Scene from *The Pohutukawa Tree*, with (left to right) Norman Florence as Johnny Mataira, Hira Tauwhare as Aroha Mataira, Hermione Gregory as Queenie Mataira, and Philip Latham as the Rev. Athol Sedgwick



Scene from *The Whistling Sands*, with Noelle Middleton as Alice Ames, Laurence Payne (kneeling, left) as Wally Somers, Maurice Colbourne as Robert Madison, and Russell Napier (lying) as Loder

lives in New Zealand and wrote his play for audiences in his own country: they would be able to recognize its situation and assess the accuracy of its social observation with more authority than any English spectator; but one cannot believe that this insight would reveal any of the dramatic qualities which, to an outside observer, it seems so fatally to lack.

The play concerns the last surviving Maoris at Te Parenga, a beach settlement forty miles from Auckland. Here on a small plot of land live Aroha Mataira and her two adolescent children, Queenie and Johnny, descendants of the ancient chiefs. They are servants of a family of middle-class settlers who own the land, and the action centres on the conflict between Maori and Pakeha—the white man. Queenie is made pregnant by a white boy who refuses to marry her because of her race; Johnny goes berserk with envy and the sense of injustice and breaks into a church to destroy the symbols of white religion; and Aroha, her own world being engulfed by the Pakeha, renounces Christianity and wills herself to death.

It all makes sense when viewed in retrospect, and yet, so subordinate is dramatic development to thematic statement, that one often fails even to get the point. Johnny, for instance, is supposed to be smouldering impotently with resentment against the settlers who have stolen his inheritance: to convey this, Mr. Mason makes the boy an avid reader of adventure stories, given to charging round the living room in a Robin Hood hat and menacingly addressing an ancestral portrait as the Sheriff of Nottingham. As an effect it simply doesn't work. The domesticity of the play is as depressing as its passages of arbitrary extravagance. Aroha is intended to represent the indomitable pride of an ancient aristocracy; what does she do? She rejects a suitcase of cast-off clothes which kind Mrs. Atkinson has brought along for Queenie. One begins to suspect that Mr. Mason has no clear idea of what he wants to say; for although theme is plastered over every episode and characters exist merely at its convenience, it never develops into argument and the author's attitude remains obscure.

John Jacobs, a director whose work I admire, gave some life and discreetly satiric bite to the larger scenes, but was powerless to save the passages of intense duologue from congealing into shrill tedium. Hira Tauwhare, a Maori actress with a head that would have appealed to Epstein, played Aroha with an impassioned dignity fit for a better work; her farewell scene with the daughter (Hermione Gregory) was an exquisitely affecting piece of ensemble acting.

The Whistling Sands (October 13), adapted by Sheila Hodgson from Ernest Dudley's novel, set its sights low and missed. Routine thrillers of this kind are ten a penny among the canned serials, and rarely generate so much incredulity or so little excitement. A straightforward situation—heiress in lonely house wooed by fortune hunter with criminal record: that basis established, the improbabilities began to pile up. The butler was an old lag who had gone straight for fifteen years in the hope of inheritance; the suitor (soporific development) fell in love and lost interest in the job; the heiress, head over heels, never suspected the motives of the man whirling her up and down the North Wales coast in search of somewhere to set up as a

market gardener. An added discrepancy in Dafydd Gruffydd's production was the decorative presence of Noelle Middleton in the part of the heiress said to be plain and thirty-eight.

Episode one of *Bleak House* upheld the tradition in Victorian serials—vigorous narrative, well-shaped episodes, and strong characterization. The temperaments of the two girls were nicely contrasted by Diana Fairfax and Elizabeth Shepherd, and shadows of oncoming nightmare starkly cast by Nora Nicholson and Wilfrid Brambell. Dickens will do the rest.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Brave Failure

THE DRAMATIZATION of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* (Home, October 12 and 19) was a noble failure. William Glen-Doepel, who adapted it, and H. B. Fortuin, who produced it, struggled with obstacles created by the form of the original work and by the time imposed on them by programme schedules. Nearly all Russian novels are spread on such enormous canvases that they defy dramatic précis and are best put across in serial form. To divide the novel into two parts was a ruthless solution, but it seems that Mr. Glen-Doepel had no choice. Working against the clock, he had to dole out speeches which were often so lengthy that they seemed untypical even for Russians. Pasternak's talent is literary rather than dramatic and Mr. Fortuin tried to overcome this literariness by breaking the narrative into dialogue as much as he could. But time was against him and he had to make his actors speak so fast that they sometimes seemed to gabble.

To blame the Drama Department for the failure of *Doctor Zhivago* would be unfair. Stage plays which have appeared worthy in the theatre have had their faults revealed when they have been broadcast. This production of Pasternak's much discussed book similarly revealed flaws which suggested that the Moscow critics were not entirely wrong in their judgment of the book from an



The first episode of *Bleak House*, on October 16, with (left to right) Diana Fairfax as Esther Summerson, Elizabeth Shepherd as Ada Clare, Colin Jeavons as Richard Carstone, and Nora Nicholson as Miss Flite

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aesthetic point of view. Before the political uproar began they said that the book lacked form, and that it was a patchwork of brilliant but unrelated scenes. Even in translation and after adaptation, the brilliance of Pasternak's descriptive writing shone through. But Pasternak himself can be heard speaking when he makes Yuri say that he regards himself as a painter collecting sketches for a vaster canvas.

Doctor Zhivago is a series of brilliant Goya-like sketches of scenes in the life of a man estranged from the great movements that are wrecking personal life in his country. Nobody—even in Russia—has denied that Pasternak is a poet and this reading of his work does not add up to such a denial. But the adaptation, which was by no means a left-handed one, revealed the fragmentary nature of the book and exposed the absence of any clear line of novelistic development. The debate on death and the resurrection in life returns again and again but it is stated in a form which would be more at home in autobiography than in a work which purports to be fiction. This is not of course to say that *Doctor Zhivago* is not a great book; it is merely to say that it is not a great novel and that it does not possess a dramatic structure. I might be ready to withdraw this judgment if Mr. Fortuin and Mr. Glen-Doepel were given a chance. They would need about six hours to do the thing properly.

Laurie Lee's *I Call Me Adam* (Third, October 15) told the bloody story of the first years of settlement by the 'Bounty' mutineers on Pitcairn Island. It was marred by an elbow-nudging introduction which urged the listener to see in it a universal parable of fugitive man forming a new society. As the story was developed naturalistically it seemed that this suggestion of universality should have grown by implication. Though Mr. Lee very nearly succeeded in getting his imagery off the ground, and thus striking out for the universals he was seeking, he might have made a better, straighter, thing if he had not tried so hard. The story, which involved the murders of Tahitians and fellow mutineers until there was only one 'Bounty' man left, was parable enough. Louis MacNeice, who produced the piece, stuck to a most delicately balanced naturalism which suggested that he too would have preferred a straight tale.

The attitude towards the adolescent is mercifully changing, but there is still, unfortunately, an attitude. G. C. Brown in *The Yago Line* (Home, October 10) made the point that youth is principally bored and made his characters dismiss smug do-gooders and self-opinionated social workers. But his hero in a new housing estate was shown to be a criminal because he came from a long line of slum criminals. J. MacReady's *The Criminals!* (Home, October 15) found no such traditional explanation for his youth club tearaways and seemed to believe that boredom was the entire cause of trouble. The central part of the play was occupied with a well-observed burglary which went wrong because the boys were not as bright as they thought they were. Both plays got right away from the smug attitude which has been a feature of many essays on juvenile crime and both casts did excellently. Neither Mr. Brown nor Mr. MacReady, however, could bring themselves to the point of showing heroes going straight. They may be more observant but they are still defeatist.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sweetness and Light

PESTALOZZI, the International Children's Village in Switzerland, was paid a return visit last Thursday (October 15, Home) in a programme by Edward Ward. Not having been in on the earlier visit, I cannot compare the two, except for the obvious changes implicit in this one.

Once Pestalozzi was a refuge for war waifs. Now none of the children can remember the war. Enchantingly environed, these children of all colours and races soon forget strangeness and homesickness, and make their own world. They learn the songs of innocence in several languages. By a nice twist of irony, some of the unluckiest of human flotsam are whisked off to the most privileged kind of childhood.

Of course the cynic has to break in and object: isn't the whole scheme irradiated with a peculiarly Swiss sweetness and light? We cannot all be reared on the international condensed milk of human kindness. And if we were, what would be the result? An edifying but unreal internationalism, a 'breadth of vision' that might be shallow or rootless. But then . . . one of the Pestalozzi children went home a few years ago, to Hungary, and was killed in October 1956.

In search of more sweetness and light, the cynic might well have turned to Network Three last Wednesday evening: 'Four Ways of Life', Number 3: Hinduism. In half an hour. Think of it! The sheer oddity of the enterprise has to be the main attraction here. But odder still, in retrospect, is the fact of its success. Because this half-hour 'conveyed something that no amount of reading in the Gita, in 'Wisdom of the East' anthologies, or study of Huxley and other mediators can ever communicate: something of the texture and feel of living in a way of belief which has become as natural as breathing. It made me realize better than ever before why the sages, from Confucius to Socrates, insisted on oral instruction, as conveying an element of knowledge which always evaporates from the written word.

And this might justifiably prompt an excursus on the success, against all the odds, of Network Three as a general enterprise. In the field of programmes for the addict (jazz, motoring, tape-recording) perhaps only the addict can judge, though a limited target should be easier to hit. But with what can only (if uneasily) be called general education, the difficulties could be indeterminate and endless. And yet, out of four broad subjects that have been tackled from one angle or another—religion, politics, history, literature—only the last seems to have failed to respond to treatment. In other cases, this approach by radio has proved that it can communicate something vital which fails to come across in the teach-yourself manual, or even the lecture-room or evening-class.

Think, for instance, of a book with the heart-sinking title of 'Decisive Battles of the Civil War'. Yet a series on this subject could move, by radio, to the site, go over difficulties of terrain, uncertainties of strategy, weather, time of day, temperamental differences and bickers between leaders—all the factors that make a moment of history into a living process, instead of an obituary summing-up. Of other programmes in this series, 'Parents and Children' is a regular which always provides lively radio when discussion comes in—especially if the children participate. On the other hand, 'Talking of Theatre' has suffered from infrequency and a certain haphazard topicality of aim. Here surely is another subject calling for organized approach, from historical or present angles—and for systematic treatment of such an approach in fairly close sequence.

Little room for other items this week. 'Matters of Moment' provided an above-the-average debate in which Krishna Menon, both shrewd and stubborn, defended the United Nations organization against a variety of highly plausible attacks and suggestions for 'obvious' reforms. It looks as if the parliament of nations just has to be even more cumbersome than our own parliament.

With Peter Smithson's talk (Friday, Home) on 'What Men Say and What They Do' we were back with another brand of sweetness and light: Frank Lloyd Wright, the prophet in his own community, oracle of plain living and high building, dispensing patriarchal wisdom to neophytes over the breakfast table. Mr. Smithson proved a singularly well-oiled talker, enjoying the comic retrospect of his visit—bubbling over in fact, as if on the way home with a friend from a really first-class party. A confiding giggle now and then. Good fun: a bit too long: certainly quite a change from the usual run of experts, architectural or other.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Goldoni, Haydn, and the Moon

HAYDN'S OPERA *Il mondo della luna* (October 11, Third Programme), vivid, vivacious, and delightfully entertaining in a wonderfully good performance recorded at this year's Holland Festival, aroused something nearer astonishment than mere interest; astonishment that Haydn as a writer of operas is so little known. He was overshadowed as a composer of opera buffa, of which type of work *Il mondo della luna* is an example, by Mozart; and with his customary humility about the value of his own music and his ingrained common sense in all matters to do with his position in the world of music, that is in Vienna those days, he seems to have accepted, almost welcomed, this idea of his playing a very quiet second string to Mozart. And of course *Il mondo della luna*, witty as it is as a musical embellishment of Goldoni's comedy and exquisite as it sounds today in its succession of swiftly moving recitative and enchanting aria, is no *Così fan tutte*. Yet in this admirable performance by a distinguished cast (preponderately Italian) and excellent playing by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini, there were signs enough of Haydn's skill, his abundant sense of humour, and his realization of the varying values of humorous and semi-serious situations in the plot as Goldoni constructed it. We owe much to the researches of the American musicologist H. C. Robbins Landon, without which this enchanting work would not have been made available for us.

The Swiss Fortnight has enlivened listening and left some pleasant memories; less in the unaccompanied choral music (October 12, Third Programme) than in the orchestral works broadcast last Thursday (Third). The choral music was always well written, blameless of any lapses of taste and yet tame. Beck's *Es kommt ein Schiff geladen* gathered momentum after a hesitating start and then seemed to do nothing more than go on and on without getting, so to speak, any further. Willy Burkhard's *Sommerzeit* suffered from the same sense of slackness. I do not blame the B.B.C. Chorus (under Leslie Woodgate) for this; when they got to something a little more active, Franz Tischhauser's nonsense rhymes *Das Nasobem*, they were perfectly equal to their task and I feel sure that obtained throughout the whole programme. The fault lay in the music which in comparison, for instance, with even so minor a church composer as Adrian Batten, heard later that evening, did little to enlarge our experience.

The Swiss orchestral music was another matter. Apart from the refinement of the playing by the strings of the Zurich Collegium Musicum under Paul Sacher, the quality of the music itself was such as to make this concert continuously interesting. The interest was never of a deeply emotional character; one was not so much moved as held by the excellence of the technical ability in these works by Kelterborn, Mieg, Schoeck and Müller. Schoeck's *Sommer-*

nacht, belonging to the earliest period of contemporary Swiss music, was manifestly the work of a skilled craftsman and easy on the ear. The other three were, for that matter, easy also, none of them outrageously modernistic. How lucky they were, these composers, to have their music so exquisitely played; the oboe concerto by Mieg, for instance, most expertly performed by Egon Parolari, and the Sinfonia by Müller, balanced and controlled as in the finest watch-making.

It was this perfection of presentation that made the other concert given by the same Swiss orchestra under the same conductor so memorable last Friday evening (Home Service); a performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 87 which without any deliberate striving after effect or (look-

ing back, the thing is unthinkable) any exaggeration of accent or distortion of perspective, was orderly, of an exquisite clarity and altogether admirable in its brightness and eloquence. This is how a Haydn symphony should be played, one felt, and this, one realized, is what too seldom comes to pass.

The concert of the Jacobean composer Adrian Batten's church music which Maurice Bevan introduced on October 12 (Third Programme) with such words as 'simple, devotional, utilitarian' provided about an hour of quiet enjoyment late that night. The anthems were all ably written music, designed as it were for plain singing by capable church choirs and fully deserving resuscitation. Some of the examples given here went further and were more original

and suddenly moving; such as the rich writing in 'O clap your hands together' and the Magnificat from the Full Service, though that would have been better for boys' rather than girls' voices to give the requisite edge to the treble line.

I have had occasion before now to enjoy Adrian Cruft's *Interlude* for strings (October 13, Home Service), but have not, I believe, written about it here. It is a presentation piece for the fiftieth birthday of his teacher Edmund Rubbra, a flattering gift in that it has much of the Rubbra temperament but is also music with its own individuality. That master and prentice should have forged that relationship is a sign of grace in each man.

SCOTT GODDARD

Roberto Gerhard and his New Symphony

By SUSAN BRADSHAW



The Second Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on October 28, and 8.50 p.m. on October 31 (both Third)

FOR THEIR SERIES of orchestral concerts at the Festival Hall, the B.B.C. have commissioned, from Roberto Gerhard, a second symphony which is to be played twice next week. Gerhard (born near Barcelona in 1896) came to this country after the Spanish Civil War and has since made his home in Cambridge. Owing to a conspicuous and entirely unaccountable lack of performances and publications (other expatriates have had far easier and quicker climbs to success) the musical public are almost unaware of so distinguished a composer living in their midst. What is worse, critics and writers on music have ignored him to the point of denying his existence. This commission is therefore doubly important; first because of the quality of the work itself, and secondly because it throws light on a composer who is a significant figure in mid-twentieth-century European music.

Gerhard's name has, on occasion, been coupled with that of Skalkottas: both were pupils of Schönberg (born into a Mediterranean rather than the Viennese tradition) who were able to develop very characteristic styles as a result of this schooling and who both wrote prolifically without needing to be spurred on by success. But beyond this comparisons are no longer valid. Skalkottas, while sometimes inspired, was often clumsy and incoherent: Gerhard uses an extraordinarily well-organized mind to direct his inspiration. He would surely agree with the definition in the Oxford Dictionary: 'to compose: to invent and put into proper form'.

Instead of following in the steps of his many distinguished compatriots and joining the Franco-Spanish musical alliance, Gerhard took the unprecedented decision of travelling to Vienna: this was in 1922. Not until twenty-five years later were the first wholly serial works written. His progressive development towards twelve-tone writing shows clearly that he needed time to absorb the Schönbergian heritage and to find a way of moulding and expanding these techniques for his own use. Without a doubt they have become more pliable and integrated in the new symphony than in any of the previous works (even the String Quartet and the First Symphony).

Since the beginning of this 'twelve-tone' period, all his principal orchestral works have been under classical headings. The early works prove the nationality of the composer by their titles alone (apart from the Piano Trio of 1918 and the Wind Quintet of 1928); even the Symphony of 1941, sub-titled *Homenaje a Pedrell*, is

truly Spanish in origin: based on themes from an opera by Pedrell, it was written in honour of a composer whose unjustified neglect moved Gerhard to pay him homage in this way. Then, in 1945, came the violin concerto, which serves as the turning point between the two periods. From 1950 onwards, the impressive list of important compositions has, by its individual titles, a more 'international' flavour: a Viola Sonata, the Piano Concerto, the First Symphony, the String Quartet, the Harpsichord Concerto, and the Nonet—all of which have prepared the way for the Second Symphony, which is the stylistic and formal culmination of the last ten years.

The symphony is described by the composer as 'athematic' (the literal antonym of 'thematic'), from which it is obvious that each part, while indispensable to the whole, is meaningless when divorced from its context. In other words, the orchestra is used as a single instrument of many colours: *Nebenstimme* (subsidiary part) and *Hauptstimme* (main part) have no further meaning. This, then, is the point at which Gerhard's music moves out of the circle of the Schönberg-Viennese tradition. Rhythmically he still owes much to 'classical' (in the widest sense) models—structurally and thematically, less and less.

It is worth while to quote the composer at some length; he has set out his ethical-compositional code so clearly elsewhere (*The Score*, September 1956) that it may best be repeated here in his own words:

My measurements are not to be understood as props but as principles—which inform the growth of the musical form [which] is in no way predetermined by, but arises out of, my steering operations. . . . Being able to rely on the rigour of its [the series] constraints, I can afford to let the stream of cerebration take a free course . . . a certain store of randomness is vitally necessary . . . not always knowing what he is doing, the creative artist can sometimes do better than he knows.

A composer who thinks along these lines can hardly be accused of working with dry mathematical calculations.

The symphony is divided into two strongly defined sections, played without a break. Together with the pitch-series, Gerhard uses a set of proportions expressed in numbers which is the basis for all structural operations. Thus, in the same way that melody and harmony are derived from the pitch set, the time set governs form at all levels, though the ultimate decisions always remain free. The ruling proportions throughout the work are those of 11:15, the first section

lasting eleven minutes, the second (which is tripartite) fifteen, sub-divided into six-five-four. The first section is preceded by a one-minute introduction setting out the essence of the material. The orchestration is normal, apart from the inclusion of an instrument probably never before used in a symphonic orchestration. It seems that Gerhard has a liking for this oft-maligned member of the keyboard family, since he uses it with striking effect in his Nonet. (I intentionally refrain from identifying it by name, as, for those who do not already know, it is better to be surprised.) The large percussion section plays an important role, especially in the second part: piano and harp share equally the central point between true percussion and the rest of the orchestra.

The short introduction leads directly into the first section, which is a true symphonic first movement in length and stature, though not of course in form: an energetic *allegro*, it is developed by means of varied metrical groupings against an unvarying pulse. A sudden drop from the final climax leaves a single timpani roll to link the two main sections.

The second section (which is really three movements in one) opens with a pattern of twelve simultaneous percussion lines, each using a separate metre. The rest of the orchestra enters successively, taking over and in time overpowering and eliminating the percussion, which then re-enters to gain the upper hand. This process of alternation is repeated five times, in varying counterpoints with the rest of the orchestra: the percussion makes a different pattern at each reappearance, owing to the disposition and order of entry of the twelve 'voices'.

The next division of this triple design is characterized by a quintuplet figure which plays an important part in the build-up and thickening of the texture; this is finally relaxed, over a long *diminuendo* with flashes of *sforzati* cutting across the releasing tension.

The conclusion of this triadic section—and the 'finale' of the symphony—again opens with percussion, this time characterized by various cymbals. These enter in turn, dying down to make way for the other entries—string harmonics, *pizzicati*, then *arco*—and by degrees the whole orchestra. The form here is palindromic although the orchestration of the two halves is not identical. True to mirror form, the work ends with assorted cymbals, and the instruction 'let die down': the last attack heard is that of the tiny 'antique cymbal'—a bell-like sound penetrating the haze of subsiding vibrations.

Gregory laughs last

Dear Julian :

Either I am crazy, or your brother James is . . . If that were the only doubt, my mind would be at ease. But now come signs and rumours which seem to reflect upon *your* sanity as well.

I have lately had the impression (illusion, possibly ?) of secret letters, mysterious phone calls, conversations at cross purposes . . . *I have the very strong impression* that newspapers are being delivered to my house — notably The Observer — that were neither ordered or paid for . . . *I firmly believe* that certain *crypto-romantic messages in the Personal Column of the Observer* are addressed by *your brother* to my wife . . . I have had a vision of my elder boy Stephen pacing the lawn in an opera cloak . . .

So far, so good. I'm a tolerant man, I trust. If the cat had given birth to a parrot, or the skies had rained brimstone, or the Liberals had won in a landslide, I wouldn't protest.

But when I hear that at five o'clock this morning my son Stephen and your brother James fought a duel, at which you were present, I require an explanation. Kindly furnish one.

Gregory

Later — Your letter is just to hand — to my relief, on the whole. Am I now to congratulate you both ? You seem to expect it. Virtue triumphant, James deflated . . . The whole idea was preposterous. I wish I had been there to see.

As for that maniac brother of yours, I'm content I suppose — provided he never darkens my doors or my newspapers again.

G.

Further thoughts . . .

Try as I may, I cannot fathom this James. That he should cherish a sentimental memory of L. is excusable. That he should send her the Observer week by week, if unusual, was at any rate better than strumming a guitar under Stephen's window by mistake. But that he should assail *me* through the columns of a paper I've known and respected for years seems grotesque.

It's some satisfaction on a Sunday morn, when Steve vanishes up to his eyebrows behind those potent words

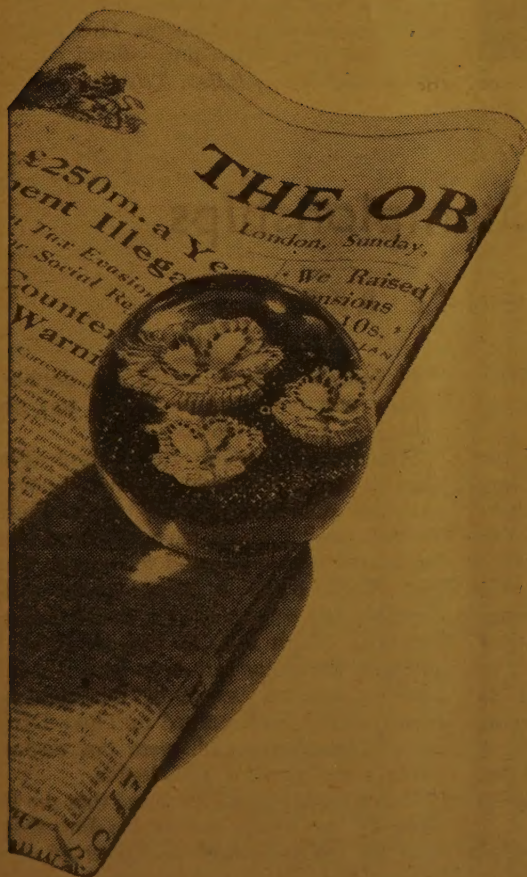
THE OBSERVER

to know who's paying for it. Though I may well have to renew the subscription, in fairness to myself ! I quarrelled with it over Suez (and with you too, I remember), but I must say I'm glad to see it again.

What a shocking thing that a paper of such wit, wisdom and repute should have been a vehicle for brother J.'s graceless frolics. I suppose they didn't realise what was going on . . .

So ends our story. But The Observer will be on sale next Sunday as usual.

Why is it so remarkable ? Gentle Non-Reader, *buy it and see !*



Autumn Work in the Rose Garden

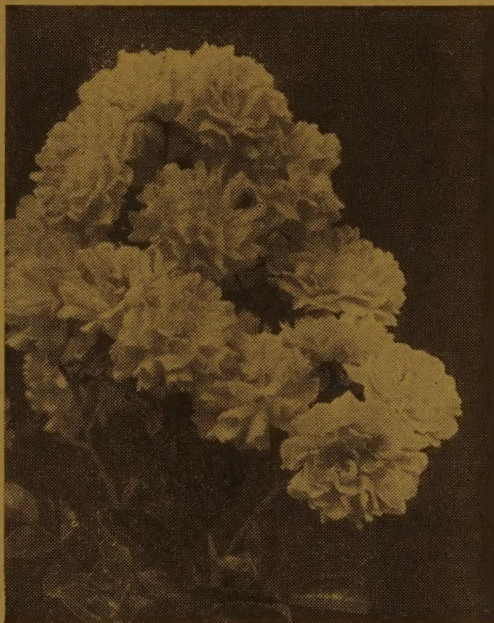
By ERNEST BAINES

I WOULD ADVISE those of you who have not yet pruned your rambler roses to carry this work out as soon as possible. Much damage can be done to the shoots if this job is left till the spring: new growths begin to appear early and when these are pulled out for pruning the young shoots are rubbed off, which causes loss of bloom.

The true ramblers are: Excelsa, Lady Gay, Minnehaha, and Dorothy Perkins. These varieties provide long new growths from the base each year. Train about six to eight of the strongest of these, and as soon as the variety has finished flowering, cut all the shoots which have flowered to ground level and tie in all the new shoots. The large flowering climbers and climbing hybrid tea sports do not produce many new basal growths, but good long lateral shoots can be tied in, and the shorter ones spurred back to about three to four inches from the main stem. From these, new breaks will appear which will produce the blooms for next season.

Another important job to be done, for those who are getting new plants this season, is the preparation of soil. I have found double-digging is always the best method. This will encourage the roots to go deep down and obtain moisture. The new beds should be prepared about three to four weeks before planting. When you have added the manure or humus to the trench, dig over in the usual manner until you reach the

final trench, which is filled with the soil moved during your first excavation. Make sure you keep the sub-soil at the bottom of each trench: on no account must this be brought to the top.



Rambler rose 'Lady Gay'

Provided you prepare the soil carefully, newly-planted roses will require no further treatment in the way of feeding until the following year. Top dressing can be applied when the roses are well established, but not before. Any further manuring, either with natural or chemical fertilizers, must be applied in suitable proportions.

Much rain will be needed this season before we can plant successfully. With normal conditions this work can be done from early November until late April. The advantage of planting in autumn lies in the fact that roses can be procured at the best time. When conditions are favourable, dig a hole about twelve inches square, large enough to hold the root system. Spread out the roots evenly, and gradually fill in with soil, treading firm with the heel. When finished, the union—that is, the point where it is budded—should be ground level. Do not plant too deeply. Many plants are lost each season through this cause. A good plan is to mix up a bucket of granulated peat which must be made moist, add about four or five good handfuls of bone meal, and apply two or three handfuls to each hole. This will assist root action.

Should your new plants arrive with the foliage on, this must be removed before planting. Cut off with good sharp secateurs. This will prevent the plants from shrivelling.—Based on a talk in 'Gardening Club', B.B.C. Television, October 16

Bridge Forum

Hands from the European Championships

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE FINAL of the bidding contest that had occupied the three previous broadcasts on Sunday afternoons in Network Three had to be cancelled owing to the death of Mr. Guy Ramsey. Instead, there was a discussion of some hands played the previous month at Palermo in the European Championship. Four members of the team were present: Mr. K. W. Konstam, Mr. J. Lazarus, Mr. B. Schapiro, and Mr. J. T. Reese; Mrs. R. Markus, a member of the victorious ladies team; and Mr. H. Franklin.

Italy won the open championship for the fourth year in succession, France was second, and Britain third. Sixteen countries took part. The first two hands to be discussed were slams that were missed in the important match against Italy. These were the cards on the first:

WEST	EAST
♠ J	♠ A K 6
♥ Q 7 5 2	♥ K
♦ K J 9 3	♦ A Q 10 8 6 4
♣ A K 5 2	♣ Q 7 3

West was the dealer at love all. The British West player, Mr. A. Meredith, opened One Heart. North bid Two Hearts, showing a

genuine suit. East, Mr. Konstam, bid Three No Trumps, and all passed. Thus an easy slam, bid by the Italians, was not called.

First, the panel discussed East's Three No Trumps. The general view was that Three Hearts, a bid of the enemy suit, would have been a better choice. Mr. Konstam agreed that this was the right call technically, but observed that with a partner like Meredith, who was much given to unorthodox bidding, these problems often appear very different at the table from the way they look in print.

Attention then turned to West's pass of Three No Trumps. He had a weak opening, but there were inferences that partner held a singleton heart and most of his strength in the minors. So there was a case for introducing Four Clubs.

The next hand was another tale of a missed slam against Italy. At game to North-South, North held:

♠ A 7 ♥ Q J 4 ♦ K Q J 10 6 5 ♣ 6 4

The bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	1S	2D	4S
Double	No	?	

In practice, North passed the double. The penalty was only 300 and there was an easy vulnerable slam for North-South.

Schapiro, Konstam, Reese, and Franklin were all emphatic that North should have taken out the double—preferably with Four No Trumps, which would have suggested tolerance for hearts as well as good diamonds. The fact that North holds A x of spades makes it apparent that partner has not doubled on trump strength: South had, in fact, A K of hearts and both the minor suit Aces. Mrs. Markus and Lazarus, however, while of the opinion that North should have jumped to Three Diamonds on the previous round, were not disposed to criticize his pass of the double.

It was agreed by all the panel that the Italians were by no means unbeatable but that they won the championship—and deserved to win—because they played a steadier and more disciplined game than any of the other teams. Given the same approach, there was no reason why a British team should not be successful in the first World Olympiad next spring.

Mr. Franklin and Mr. Reese discuss the bridge programmes given in Network Three every week

For the Housewife

Suggestions for Using Apples



Toffee Apples

WITH THE APPROACH of Hallowe'en I have been asked for my recipe for toffee apples. To make sure that the toffee stays on the apples, wash them first and then dry them thoroughly. That gets rid of any surface greasiness they might have. The second important hint is to use a small deep saucepan: then you can dip the apples right down into the toffee.

For about 6 medium-sized apples you will need:

- 8 oz. of granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water
- a pinch of cream of tartar

Heat the sugar and water, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil. Add the cream of tartar and boil—without stirring, now—until it reaches 290 degrees F. (either use a sugar thermometer or see that the syrup hardens immediately when a little is dropped into a cup of cold water). Fix the apples firmly on sticks, then twirl them in the toffee and lift them on to a greased plate to harden.

LOUISE DAVIES

Mint Jelly

Mint jelly at this time of the year is made with green apples. Use as many apples as your pan will comfortably hold. Cut them up roughly, skin and all, just cover them with water, and stew them gently with sprigs of fresh mint until they are reduced to pulp. Strain this through a jelly bag or fine muslin cloth and put the liquid

back in the pan (which to keep the jelly clear needs to have been well washed). For every 1 pint of liquid add 1 lb. of granulated sugar. To make sure of a quick, firm set, include the juice of 1 lemon to every 2-3 pints of liquid—and, most important, a large bunch of freshly gathered, well washed mint which you first bruise with a rolling-pin, then put in a muslin bag and tie to the side of the pan to cook with the rest of the contents. Boil the liquid hard until you get a good set, and just before you take it off the heat to bottle add a little green colouring to improve the appearance.

BARBARA BREW

Apple Curd

I have been preserving cooking apples and can thoroughly recommend a recipe I tried out for apple curd. It is similar to lemon curd except that it has the flavour and texture of pulped apple in it too. Quantities are easy to remember:

- 4 lemons
- 4 oz. of butter
- 4 eggs
- 1 lb. of caster sugar
- 1 lb. of cooking apples

Peel the apples and cook them to a pulp over a very low heat, with only a tablespoon or so of water to prevent burning. When they are soft and smooth, stir them into the melted butter and the other ingredients—the grated rind and juice of the lemons, the sugar and beaten eggs. Cook over a moderate heat or in a double saucepan until the curd thickens, then pot it like jam.

Because it is so rich with eggs, this apple curd will keep for only about a week or ten days. It is delicious on bread and butter or as a filling for tarts and flans.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

PIUS OKIGBO (page 665): works on the National Income Survey, Lagos, Nigeria

GEORGE STEINER (page 671): American literary critic; author of *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, an essay in the old criticism*

PETER SELF (page 672): Lecturer in Public Administration, London University; author of *Cities in Flood*

MAGNUS PYKE (page 675): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; manager of a research station in Scotland; author of *The Townsman's Food, Nothing Like Science, Slaves Unaware?*, etc.

MAX GLUCKMAN (page 677): Professor of Social Anthropology, Manchester University; author of *Judicial Process among the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia*, etc.

ALBERT MAKINSON (page 678): teaches English at King James's Grammar School, Almondsbury, Huddersfield

S. A. DE SMITH (page 681): Professor of Public Law, London University

REV. B. M. G. REARDON (page 687): Rector of Kelly with Bradstone, Devon

ERNEST BAINES (page 706): Foreman of the National Rose Society's Trial Ground at St. Albans, Hertfordshire

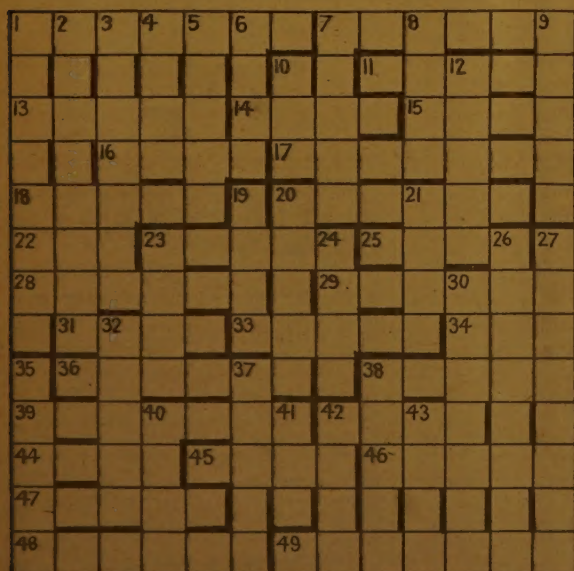
Crossword No. 1,534.

Foreign Relations.

By Scorpio

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The unclued lights may be divided into five groups of four members each; two members belong to two groups, so that there are only eighteen unclued lights. The other clues are normal. Accents are ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

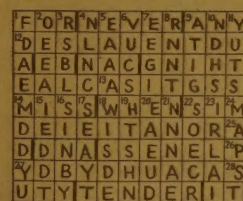
15. Partner of Dodson with an obscure start (4)
16. Bless bless in two parts but not more (4)
18. Drunken fellow (from Much Ado) loses his life and is used as spinach (5)
22. 'Frets doubt the ——— crammed beast?'
25. Spiteful person was pally at first (4)
28. Court in the end followed (6)
31. Otherwise look for a Serbian dance (4)
33. Sign here to write form of endless serial (5)
34. Part of yet another old letter (3)
36. Resist this work attitude (6)
38. Deserve change of ecclesiastical headdress (5)
39. Right off the ground in street operations (7)
42. Mother, I'm seriously hurt (4)
44. Fendennis wife loses her head and shows her real character (4)
46. Follow closely and turn absolutely dapple-grey (5)
47. Unnatural apartments? (5)

DOWN

1. Bring a breakfast roll home to tea. Templars thought to worship it (8)
2. Set up the grossly overgrown in the back row (8)
3. Bans when the wife's people are away from home (7)
4. This should make you prosper (4)
5. Right in the mess and jarring (5)
6. 'The moan of doves in immemorial ———' (4)
8. Admiral of the Fleet in SE is to be relied on (4)
9. It's splendid about the girl (5)
10. Nothing, nothing, nothing (3)
12. Youth without a cent grieves (5)

19. Ancient mythological songs are not quite dead (4)
21. Taps at the heart strings (4)
23. It makes this soft mass into a hard desk (4)
24. Foreigner shared by author of *Wuthering Heights* and Iago's wife (4)
26. After a little French then I add on a request (8)
32. What Othello was transformed into when he dropped his aitch (5)
35. Support for the employed (5)
40. Two articles may be made into this without difficulty (4)
41. Peer carefully around the periphery (3)
42. A pool and nothing more, except of course in this puzzle (4)
43. '—— indeed is gone with all his rose' (4)

Solution of No. 1,532



NOTES

Answers and sources: 1D. famed Cym, III, 1; 2R. Nosh's, CoE, III, 2; 3L. ready, JC, IV, 3; 3R. earls, H6 (2), IV, 8; 4L. seen, AYLI, II, 7; 4R. Cinna, JC, II, 1; 5L. blame, H8, IV, 1; 5R. guest, Mac, I, 6; 5L & 12. bleed, A & C, V, 2; 6L. anvil, Jno, IV, 2; 6R. given, Lear, I, 3; 7L. cause, Oth, I, 3; 7R. mines, H5, III, 2; 8L. acres, AYLI, V, 3; 8R. shirts, MWW, III, 5; 9L. gnaws, H6 (1), III, 1; 10L. ninth, H4 (1), III, 1; 10R. Launce, TG, II, 3; 11L. deity, Temp, IV, 1; 11D. musty, R & J, V, 1; 13L. daisy, Ham, IV, 5; 14D. muddy, Tam, V, 2; 14R. enemy, TwN, V, 1; 15R. India, MND, II, 2; 16R. sheds, H5, IV, 3; 17R. issue, R3, I, 1; 18L. unwed, CoE, II, 1; 18R. water, Cor, II, 3; 19L. habit, Ham, I, 3; 19R. chain, R & J, IV, 1; 20L. yesty, Mac, IV, 1; 20R. eaten, Tro, V, 4; 21L. stand, A & C, I, 5; 22L. sheen, MND, II, 1; 23L. union, Ham, V, 2; 24L. dream, Temp, IV, 1; 24D. stamp, H8, III, 2; 26L. party, MoV, IV, 1.

Quotation: MND, V, 1, 82

1st prize: Miss K. M. Freke (Portmadoc); 2nd prize: A. Hull (Woodbridge); 3rd prize: B. E. Hughes (Bangor).

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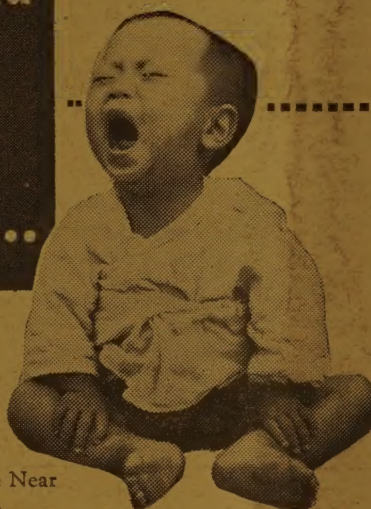
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